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ONE PENNY.



Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Last week a young foreigner, dressed with perfect simplicity, went into Devisme's, the gunsmith's shop on the Boulevard des Italiens, and asked for a double-barrelled gun to shoot wild boars, and expressed his anxiety to try Devisme's new explosive balls. M. Devisme, happening to be in his shop, entered into conversation with the young man, and at once recognising a genuine Nimrod, remarked that it was absurd to try either guns or balls in a mere shooting-gallery, and invited him to his country place at Argenteuil, where he was going to shoot the following day, and would be very happy to be accompanied by his new acquaintance. The young man asked how long it would take to reach his house. "Two hours," replied Devisme; "I start by the ten train. In half an hour we shall reach our destination, and it will take us about three quarters of an hour to try the guns, and half an hour to return; but it comes to me that eleven is breakfast hour. I can offer you a cutlet and an omelet, a hunter's fare." "Bravo!" said the young foreigner; "I accept." After selecting his gun, Devisme inquired his name and address. The young man took the pen from M. Devisme, and wrote in the book of addresses, "King of Portugal, Grand Hotel."

The *Moniteur* publishes the following note:—"The Treaty of Extradition concluded between France and England on the 13th of February, 1843, not having produced any of the results expected from it, the Emperor's Government has regarded its maintenance in force as of no utility, and the French ambassador in London has been instructed to announce the fact to the English Cabinet. This document will consequently cease to be applicable six months after the date of the communication made on the 4th inst. by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. The treaty of 1843 did not in any way relate, as some journals have supposed, to political offenders, but solely to persons accused of ordinary crimes—murder, homicide, forgery, and fraudulent bankruptcy."

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has been engaged in trying the validity of a marriage contracted in London between French subjects. A young widow named Picard, who kept a furnished hotel at Paris, wishing to marry a M. Ramar, who was objected to by her father and mother, sold her business on the 20th of December last, went to London on the 27th in company with Ramar, and was married there at St. Patrick's Chapel, near the Strand, on the 1st of January, without obtaining her parents' consent, or making any publication of banns, as required by the French laws. The newly-married couple immediately after returned to Paris, and the parents of the bride now appealed to the Civil Tribunal to have the marriage annulled. After hearing counsel, the tribunal decided that, as all the circumstances proved that the parties had gone to London solely for the purpose of avoiding the operation of the French laws, the marriage was clandestine, and accordingly declared it null and void.

An extraordinary murder case has just been tried in the Gironde. In September last a young man of eighteen, named Villele, a waiter in an eating-house at Bordeaux, told his master that he wished to leave, without assigning any reason. His wages were paid, and he went away with his trunk. The same day he engaged himself in another eating-house. In the afternoon he made an excuse to go out, went to his former master's house, and walking straight into the kitchen, plunged a long knife into the back of the cook, a man named Domec, who died of the wound in the course of a few minutes. Villele did not attempt to escape, and when arrested he said that he was tired of life, that his religious principles prevented him from committing suicide, and so he resolved to do an act which would ensure his execution, and at the same time give him time to prepare for death. He at first intended to kill a young girl of fifteen, who served in the shop, but after waiting for some time in vain in a street through which she was in the habit of passing, he thought he would go and stab the cook at the restaurant. There being no evidence that he had any grudge against Domec, the prosecution declined to credit his story, but attributed his act to a strange and wicked perversity of mind, which deserved punishment. The prisoner's counsel set up the plea of insanity, and in support of it mentioned that he had devised a very absurd project for the construction of a balloon on a new principle. The verdict was "Guilty," with extenuating circumstances, and the sentence twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour.

AMERICA.

A letter from the South says:—"The South is fast settling down, and most of its old leaders are turning to peaceful pursuits. General Joe Johnston is the manager of an express company. Forrest is running a saw-mill on the Mississippi. Mosby, the guerrilla, has become an attorney, and immolates his victims according to law; while Hood and Longstreet are going into partnership together in business at New Orleans. How strange the combination sounds! But it will take a long time before the country regains its former state; it is difficult to conceive the state of impoverishment to which this long and bitter conflict has reduced it. There are many families, formerly living in affluence, who are now in want of the common necessities of life. Only yesterday I was accosted in the streets of Charleston by an old woman who, with a painful effort as it seemed, brought out the word 'assistance.' Struck by her appearance, which, notwithstanding the poverty of her attire, was that of a gentleman, I inquired her history. A sad tale indeed it was! Her husband, long dead, had been a major in the Scots Greys, formerly living at New York, whence he had emigrated to the Southern States of America. Her two sons, who had supported her, had both fallen in the war; her little home lay a blackened heap, and in her last days, striving to support herself by needlework, she had been obliged to turn out into the streets to ask a passing stranger for money to pay for her lodging. Ah! little thought the gay group of ladies and gentlemen who gathered on the battery hard by to make holiday over the first shot fired at Fort Sumter, what the sinner would be. So great is the scarcity of money that some of the newspapers are taking payment in produce; even the *Richmond Enquirer* advertising its willingness to take rye, oats, hay, bacon, whisky, butter, eggs, poultry, or anything else; and some of the railways are carrying wood for payment in kind."

The following concurrent resolutions have been introduced in Congress and referred to the committee for foreign affairs:—"Whereas, in pursuance of the policy expressed by Napoleon in his letter to General Forey, dated July 3rd, 1862, an attempt has been made to establish a monarchy in Mexico contrary to the people's wishes, and to support Maximilian in his usurpation by European soldiers; and Maximilian having practically established slavery, and violated the usages of civilized warfare by declaring Republicans outlaws; therefore the Senate contemplates the condition of Mexico with profound solicitude. The attempt to establish a monarchy on the American continent, sustained solely by European bayonets, is opposed to the declared policy of the Federal Government, offensive to the people, and contrary to the spirit of their institutions. The President is requested to take such steps concerning this grave matter as will vindicate the recognized policy, and protect the honour and interest of the American Government."

Both houses have requested the President to furnish all correspondence touching the French occupation of Mexico, Maximilian's decree ordering armed Republicans to be shot without trial, and the establishment of penance. Another resolution strongly pointed against Mexico was introduced in the house, and laid over.

Notes of the Week.

SHORTLY after four o'clock on Saturday morning the Fenian prisoners convicted at the special commission at Dublin and in Cork were removed from the Mountjoy Penitentiary to be conveyed to Dartmoor Penitentiary. The prisoners were informed on the previous night that they would be sent to an English prison, and at half-past four o'clock in the morning Luby, O'Leary, O'Donovan (Ross), Moore, Hattigan, Pagan O'Leary, Lynch, Doggan, Charles Underwood O'Donnell, and O'Donovan were removed to one of the prison vans, which was in waiting to receive them, in charge of the horse police. As soon as the prisoners had taken their places they were driven off at a rapid pace for Kingstown by the Rook-road. On arriving at the Carlisle Pier they were put on board the mail steamer in charge of a body of police, in whose custody they would remain until handed over to the governor of Dartmoor Penitentiary. *Freeman's Journal.*

On Saturday afternoon Mr. William Carter, the coroner for East Surrey, held an inquiry at the Whitechapel Tavern, Fleming-road, Kennington, touching the suicide of Maria Wells, aged seventeen years. Mr. F. W. Hunwick, a commercial clerk, residing at No. 25, Fleming-road, said that the deceased was his servant. The previous Thursday she broke a valuable vase, and witness said to her, "You have broken a great number of articles lately, and in future, whenever you break anything you must pay half the value of it." Deceased made no reply, but on the Friday morning Mrs. Hunwick found her hanging by a rope to a beam in the washhouse. A Mr. Steel cut her down with a razor, but she was quite dead. The witness was of opinion that she had taken her own life in consequence of remorse reading, for in her bedroom, under the pillow, he discovered a romance. The leaf of a tale in the book, entitled "The Only Son of his Mother," was turned down. In that tale the son, after murdering his mother, goes and hangs himself. The witness believed that the deceased had been reading that tale while in low spirits about breaking the vase, and that the incident in the tale made such an impression upon her mind that she committed suicide. The deceased was very steady, and engaged to be married. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

On Saturday a series of remarkable riots came under notice at the city and county police-courts, Carlisle, in which the mayor, the town clerk, the chief constable, and the city surveyor preferred charges of assault against Mr. Milton Carr, a farmer living at Cargo, who, it was alleged, was the ringleader of a mob of excited agriculturists. The facts were these:—So many cows have lately died within the city that it is impossible to provide them with burial on corporation ground. An attempt was made to burn the carcasses, but that had to be abandoned; and after careful consideration it was at last decided to cart the bodies to Kingmoor racecourse, a piece of waste ground belonging to the corporation, about three miles north of the city. Accordingly, five or six diseased cows were taken there and buried in a deep trench, but without the most violent resistance of the farmers for miles around. In fact, Mr. Carr was at one time about to shoot the horse which drew the carcasses. On Friday afternoon week, the mayor, the town clerk, the chief constable, and the surveyor, were on their way to Kingmoor in a cab, but were stopped within the city by Mr. Carr and about twenty other farmers, who brandished cudgels in their faces, and obliged the occupant of the cab to alight. The latter, however, walked on, the cab following, and afterwards they managed to get off and reach Kingmoor. But they had not been long there till Mr. Carr and his party arrived, and a riot was the result. His worship was collared, one of the men saying that if he did not make off he would get "A d—d good whallopping." The civic functionaries were all assaulted, and the surveyor in particular sustained personal injuries. Moreover, they so severely belaboured the cab horse with their cudgels as to warrant a summons being issued against them for a breach of the Cruelty to Animals Act. Mr. Carr was apprehended in the street, and taken before a special session of city justices, on the charge of assaulting the surveyor within the borough, which, after several scenes of disorder, was dismissed.

THE NEW YEAR.

On our first page we give an allegorical illustration of "The ushering in of the New Year, and the departure of the old." We were about to comment upon the same; but, taking up a volume of Eliza Cook's poems, we came across one of this gifted lady's songs, so appropriate to the picture, that our readers will gladly forgive us if we substitute it for any remarks of our own.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.
BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! I have been running a gallant career
On a courser that needeth nor bridle nor goad;
But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the Old Year
Lying low in the dust on Eternity's road.
Wide has my track been, and rapid my haste,
But whoever takes heed of my journey will find,
That in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,
I have left a fair set of bold way-marks behind.
I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm-board;
I have chequered the air with the banners of strife;
Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,
Bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.
My race is high o'er on Time's iron-grey steed,
Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me;
And you'll see that his name will be flying again
Ere you've buried me under the Green Holly-tree.

If you tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done;
Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought
With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.
If I've added grey threads to the worldly-wise heads,
I have deepened the chequer of infancy's curl;
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
I've quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl;
If I've lengthen'd the yew till it brushes the pall,
I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange bloom swell;
If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank wall,
I have strengthen'd the love-bower tendrils as well.
Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee;
Chant a rundelay over my laurel-deck'd bier,
And bury me under the Green Holly-tree.

Ye have murmur'd of late at my gloom-laden hours,
And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown;
But ye laugh'd when I spang'd your pathway with flowers,
And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.
Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—
So I do—but forget not how friendly we were
When I fann'd your warm cheek in the soft summer night,
And just toy'd with the rose in the merry girl's hair.
Fill the goblet and drink, as my wailing tones sink;
Let the wassail-bowl drip and the revel-shout rise—
But a word in your ear, from the passing Old Year,
'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"be merry and wise!"
Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest farewell;
The log-lighted ingle my death-pyre shall be:
Dance, dance while I'm dying, blend carol and bell;
And bury me under the Green Holly-tree.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Princess Beatrice, and her Serene Highness Princess Hohenlohe attended the service at Whippingham Church on Christmas morning, where the Rev. G. Prothero officiated and administered the Holy Sacrament.

The annual Christmas presentation of beef to the cottagers on the royal estate at Sandringham took place on Monday morning. On the terrace at the west front of the house were provided tables, on which were placed about fifty stone of beef, cut up into pieces of various sizes, and placed in four different quantities, representing the several parishes, the whole being tastefully decorated with holly and other evergreens. At about half-past nine the presentation took place. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales accompanied by the Marquis of Carmarthen, Lieutenant-General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Holzman, came out on to the terrace, and gave away the beef, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales being a spectator of the interesting proceedings from a window. The recipients, numbering at least 250, comprised the whole of the cottagers in the parishes of Sandringham, Babingley, West Newton, and Wolferton, and those occupying the cottages of the Prince of Wales at Dersingham, as well as a number of aged widows of Dersingham, not residing on the royal estate. The size of the gift was governed by the extent of family of each recipient; thus, a man and his wife received three pounds' weight, and one pound extra was given for each child. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Marquis and Marchioness of Carmarthen, Lieutenant-General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, Mr. H. Fisher, and Mr. Holzman, attended Divine service at the little church in the park, which had been very tastefully decorated with wreaths and festoons. The Rev. G. B. Moxon, B.A., officiated and preached.

Sporting.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE GREAT RACE OF 120 YARDS FOR £200.—A race of unusual interest was decided at the Brompton Running Grounds, on Saturday, between a well-known professional and an equally celebrated amateur. The conditions were that Mr. A. P. should run 120 yards against W. Riley, of Finsbury, for the large stake of £200. Riley is twenty-five years of age, weighs nine stone twelve, in condition, and stands five feet nine and three-quarter inches. Mr. A. P. is much less than his opponent, being only five feet four inches high, weighs seven stone eight, and is twenty-five years of age. Charles Westall was the referee, Mr. Coke umpire for Mr. A. P., and Mr. W. Preston for Riley. The last bet before the men went to the mark was that Riley should £60 to £40 that he won, and also wagered with his opponent for the winner to take the gate-money. Riley showed his eagerness to be off, and ran out twice, when the professional showed his judgment, and let the amateur have his try for the advantage. Mr. A. P. attempted no less than eight times to get away; but at length about was heard that they were off. Mr. A. P. at once laid to his work in the gamest manner possible, and was seen spanking along about half a yard in advance up to fifty yards; here Riley came shoulder and assunder with his game little opponent, in which position they ran up to eighty yards; the superior stride of Riley now told, and at 100 yards he was a yard and a half in front. The gallant amateur made his final effort, contested every yard with his tall opponent, nearly got up once more to the shoulder of the leading man, but in the end was defeated by three quarters of a yard only.

SEIZING A RAILWAY FOR DEBT.—An almost unparalleled event in the history of railway companies has occurred. A whole railway has just been seized by bailiffs, and a sale by auction, without reserve, under writs of *fieri facias* has been announced. The unfortunate railway is the Hull and Hornsea line, which has for a long time been a source of trouble and anxiety without any alleviation in the shape of dividends to back its shareholders and directors. Very recently arrangements had been completed for the transfer of the line to the North-Eastern Railway Company, but some impatient creditors, determined not to brook further delay, have taken decisive action, which has resulted in the novel occurrence of a railway in the hands of bailiffs.

A CELEBRATED APPLE TREE.—A gentleman just from Appomattox Court house informs us that "there is nothing left of the apple tree under which General Lee surrendered but a red hole in the ground, and it is feared that, unless the whole is fenced in, that also will be removed by curiosity seekers." It is a subject worthy of notice, too, that the apple tree alluded to was the largest tree in the world, being at least forty times the bulk of the celebrated California oak, which was about the size of the citadel of Ham. About 917 cords of this apple tree have already been distributed over the United States in the shape of walking canes, fishing poles, umbrella handles, policemen's clubs, workboxes, sewing machines, writing desks, vest buttons, corks, charms, lead pencils, pen handles, toddy muddlers, toothpicks, tobacco pipes, and snuffboxes. The number of persons solidifying in these heroic relics is estimated at about 20,000,000. But for the fact that General Lee didn't surrender under any apple tree at all, it might be appropriately placed, photographically, among the historic archives of the country, as the greatest tree in all history.—*American Paper.*

APPALLING SUDDEN DEATH IN A COURT OF LAW.—The Hon. Mr. Lewis, Advocate-General of Bombay, died with appalling suddenness on the 13th inst. He had been engaged conducting a case in the High Court before Mr. Justice Anstey, and had brought the case to a conclusion, when he sat down until the judge should write a note of his decision. He was immediately seen to fall back in his chair and give two slight gasps as if for air. He was taken up insensible, and instantaneously died. The appalling event produced a profound sensation in court, especially amongst the deceased's colleagues at the bar, of whom he was the senior. Mr. Justice Anstey immediately adjourned his court, as did also Mr. Justice Couch, but the Chief Justice (Sir Matthew Searles) with great sang froid concluded the case in which he was engaged, although the members of the bar then engaged before him had, under the terrible shock they had sustained, requested an immediate adjournment. Mr. Lewis had returned from England only a month previously, after a six months' absence on account of ill health, and it was generally felt to be a somewhat dangerous experiment for a man upwards of sixty years of age to make. The career of the deceased gentleman, who was much esteemed, was terminated by disease of the heart.—*Bombay Gazette.*

UNREAPED CORN FIELDS AT CHRISTMAS.—There are at the moment standing in the parish of Beoley, near Redditch, three fields of uscut corn which have been allowed to go to waste, in consequence of a dispute about its ownership. The corn is standing on the Holt and farm, and presents a sad spectacle of waste. A great quantity of the corn has been shed upon the ground, and is growing again. The rest forms capital feeding ground for the birds of the air, who visit the three fields in thousands. The wheat was an excellent crop, and when at maturity was reckoned to yield about thirty bushels per acre. The three fields are together about twenty-four acres, and the total produce therefore was about 720 bushels, and valuing the produce at only 5s. per bushel, the crop was worth £200, all of which has been wasted. A few days ago, a number of poor women entered one of the fields, and cut off the best heads of corn left.

General News.

A LETTER from Homburg says that a duel, resulting from violent altercation, took place a few days back between M. Aug. F., anative of that town, and the Baron Van der Smisen, a Belgian, a relative of the commander of the Belgian expeditionary corps in Mexico. The two adversaries fought with swords in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt. After a few passes the Baron was wounded in the hand; the seconds then declared "honour to be satisfied," and a reconciliation ensued.

We have to record the death of the Hon. John Oliphant Murray, second son of Alexander, eighth Lord Elibank, who died last week at Dresden. He had been for some time attached to the Court of the King of Bavaria. He was Chamberlain and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael of Merit of Bavaria. The deceased gentleman was born July 3, 1808.

"THE late King of the Belgians," says the *Opinion Nationale*, "has divided his fortune, estimated at something about three millions sterling, into four parts. The three first are reserved for the three children, the Duke de Brabant, the Empress Charlotte, and the Count de Flandre. Out of the fourth part will be paid the legacies and pensions which the King grants to all the members of his household, from the highest to the lowest. The surplus will revert to the Count de Flandre, who has already a pension from the nation of £6,000, and which will probably be augmented before long."

"It may not be generally known," says a Berne letter, "that the late King Leopold belonged for more than half a century to that friendly association (Freemasons) which has recently been made the object of such violent attacks. He was received in the lodge of Berne in 1813, as he was passing through Switzerland in the interval between the two campaigns."

THE *Avenir National* says it is rumoured that the famous Leotard, who it seems a bachelor of arts, is about to resume his law studies with the view of entering at the bar.

THE following are the salaries of the French ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary as they stand in the Budgets:—St. Petersburg, £12,000; London, £11,000; Vienna, £8,000; Madrid, £6,000; Rome, £5,000; Constantinople, £5,000; Pekin, £4,800; Berlin, £4,400; Florence, £4,400; Brussels, £3,200; Rio de Janeiro, £3,200; Washington, £3,200; Mexico, £3,200; Teheran, £2,800; the Hague, £2,800; Buenos Ayres, £2,800; Athens, £2,400; Manila, £2,400; Frankfurt, £2,400; Lisbon, £2,200; Copenhagen, £2,000; Dresden, £2,000; Stuttgart, £2,000; Stockholm, £2,000; Carlsruhe, £1,800; Hamburg, £1,800; Havover, £1,800.

A LAW of police against blasphemers has just been promulgated by the Turkish authorities in Bosnia and Herzegovine. Every offence of that nature is punishable by a fine of two florins and twenty-four hours' imprisonment. But a Turk who speaks blasphemy against the Cross is to be fined twenty florins, whilst a Christian reviling the religion of the Crescent is only liable to an indemnity of five. With a view to the more becoming exercise of public worship, all the wine-shops in the immediate neighbourhood of mosques or churches are to be closed. Lastly, all language calculated to wound the honour of other persons renders the offending party liable to fine and imprisonment.

THE oldest duke is the Duke of Northumberland, aged 87; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 18. The oldest marquis, the Marquis of Westminster, aged 80; the youngest, the Marquis of Ely, aged 16. The oldest earl, the Earl of Onslow, aged 88; the youngest, the Earl of Charleville, aged 13. The oldest viscount, Viscount Gough, aged 86; the youngest, Viscount Downe, aged 21. The oldest baron, Lord Brougham, aged 87; the youngest, Lord Rodney, aged 8. The oldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Brougham, aged 87; the youngest, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, aged 24. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir William Vernon, Bart., member for the county of Armagh, aged 83; the youngest, the Earl of Tyrone, member for Waterford, aged 21. The oldest judge in England is the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, aged 83; the youngest, Sir James F. Wilde, aged 49. The oldest judge in Ireland, the Right Hon. Thomas Lefroy, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, aged 89; the youngest, Justice Keogh, aged 48. The oldest Scotch Lord of Session, the Right Hon. Duncan McNeill, Lord Justice General, aged 72; the youngest, David Mure, Lord Mure, aged 54. The oldest archbishop, the Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 71; the youngest, Archbishop of York, aged 46. The oldest bishop, the Bishop of Exeter, aged 88; the youngest, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, aged 46. The oldest baronet, Sir Stephen L. Hammick, aged 88; youngest, Sir Henry Hayes Lawrence, aged one year. The oldest civil and military knight is General Sir Arthur B. Oulton, aged 93; youngest, Sir Charles T. Bright, aged 33.—From *Who's Who*, for 1866.

It is probable that when Mr. Panizzi retires from office the post of chief librarian to the British Museum will be offered to Sir Edmund Head.

HIS MAJESTY has been pleased to confer a baronetcy on Mr. William Ferguson, F.R.S., the distinguished surgeon, and well known from his valuable contributions to the advancement of the science of medicine.

EARL COWLEY is to have the vacant Garter.

THE Hon. Julian Fane, now Secretary at Vienna, will succeed the Hon. W. Grey as Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS is, we regret to learn, so much indisposed that his medical advisers have ordered him to pass the winter in the south of France.

MADAME AUGUSTINE BROHAN, the actress of the Frangais, gained a prize of 50,000*fr.* (2,000*l.*), at the last drawing of City of Paris bonds.

A PETITION to Government has been agreed to by the clergy of Notts, praying that the county may be formed into an independent bishopric.

THE "NEW YORK HERALD" and THE FENIANS.—But, seriously, we are of opinion that this Fenian joke has been carried quite far enough. The existence of an Irish republic in the city of New York is not only an absurdity, but, sooner or later, it may involve our Government in annoying complications with England. It is true that the Fenians encouraged our rebels, violated their own neutrality laws, and sent out prizes to prey upon our commerce; but that is no reason why we should indulge in proceedings equally illegal. Neither are we disposed to permit the Fenians to force us into a war with England on that account. We have our own grievances against the British Government, and intend to redress them in our own time and way; but it is not at all likely that these will happen to be the Fenian time and the Fenian way. If Mr. O'Mahony and his followers mean to do anything practical let them take Canada, and their base of operations, and sit out their Alabama and Shenandoahs there. Union-square will never be the starting-point of any hostile expedition of the Fenian Brotherhood while we are at peace with Great Britain. Should a Fenian army be collected there it will be handed over to the police; and when O'Mahony and Kilian made their hostile demonstration against the Chevalier Raymond—the only warlike movement they have ever made—the Chevalier should have served them in the same way. Our Government will show Great Britain that a republic can observe its own laws and control its own citizens better than a monarchy, and that the United States are powerful enough to enforce their just claims upon foreign Powers without any alliance with Mr. O'Mahony.—*New York Herald*.

In consequence of the Boudoir in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents: Elphinstone & Co. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

WINE-TASTING AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

THE London Docks constitute as perfect a microcosm as London itself. They contain everything, suggest everything, and may be looked upon from a thousand points of view. Every one has seen them; but as each department has its separate class of visitors, the simple statement that a person has "been to the docks," presents no very definite idea, unless we know, first of all, to what category of society the individual belongs. Tell us, however, what he is, and we will tell you what he has been doing at the docks. If, for instance, we hear that a poor starving workman has been there, we know that in all probability he has walked up to the east of London from one of those western suburban districts into which the system of unequal rating is gradually driving the whole of our labouring population. But if a gentleman with a thick utterance and a staggering gait tells us he has "just come from the docks," he has no occasion to add that he has been with a tasting-order to the wine-department.

Those vast caverns, where "the produce of the grape," as fine writers say, is stowed away in millions of hogheads, form a wine cellar which is indeed worthy of such a metropolis as London.

We are truly sorry to introduce the subject of intoxication into these correct columns, but in doing so we only follow the example of our accomplished artist, and he follows facts. A state of vicious excitement—perhaps we had better use the new word *dyspepsia*, which has a genteel sound though it means drunkenness—is the recognised state of all who visit the docks, the only difference being that some *dyspepsias* exhibit their malady in the vaults, while others conceal the symptoms until they are brought into contact with the exterior air. What a *dyspepsia* is that fishy individual who is leaning against the barrel! How *dyspepsia* manifestly does he pour the wine into the breast-pocket of his coat, and how clearly *dyspepsia* manifests itself in his dull staring eye!

The gentleman who is holding the glass up to what he considers the light is a *dyspepsia* of a different species. He is not very badly affected, but he already pines himself on his perfect sobriety, which every one who has had the least experience in *dyspepsias* knows to be a bad sign. Nor do we like the unnatural liveliness of the young person behind him. The man with the apron, who has been showing the party about the docks, and who is of a humorous turn of mind, knows what we mean.

In the back-ground, looming in the distance, are a couple of regular stagers. We hope they have five shillings a-piece in their pockets, or that some one will have the kindness to put them into a cab if they ever contrive to reach the upper air:—"superaque evadere ad auras;" for no policeman who respects himself can suffer such evident *dyspepsias* to walk, or rather to roll, about the streets.

The quiet men on the right have just come down. It is all very well for them to assume the airs of persons in quest of useful information, and to put inquiries to the attendant about the extent of the cellars, the number of casks imported annually, and such-like twaddle. In ten minutes they will be as bad as their neighbours whom they affect to despise.

Why do people call a permission to consume an unlimited quantity of wine a "tasting" order? Why not a drinking order at once? It is like asking "just a taste" of leg of mutton, when there is a positive intention to consume the greater part of the joint. Shall we acquiesce our readers with one of the results of the so-called tasting. Sometimes a wine-merchant sells a pipe of wine in the docks, and when the purchaser takes it away he finds that, thanks to a long course of testing, it contains about a pint. Of course such a thing cannot occur often, but there have been instances of it.

Doubtless it is with the view of limiting the consumption of wine, which otherwise would be enormous, that tasting orders are not received after one o'clock. Most persons have an objection to being seen in a state of *dyspepsia* so early as two in the afternoon; and as nobody eats much before one, it is quite impossible to drink as a man might wish to drink if the orders were admitted after the hour at which it is permitted to dine. We believe there are some mercantile vessels, who, before availing themselves of their tasting orders—which they present at the very last moment—make a point of eating a good sized stake at Joe's, after which they can defy the effects of alcohol in a manner that astonishes and irritates the person of weak stomach, who has taken nothing since breakfast. We cannot speak with sufficient indignation of those precautions which, as the French say, it is "impossible to qualify."

The last time we visited the docks we asked one of the attendants how many persons presented tasting orders in the course of any one ordinary day. The answer was—several hundred.

"And how many go away sober?" "None," said the man.

We believe our artist and ourselves ("self" or "selves" ought we to say?) were the only exceptions to this rule.

PUBLIC FLOGGING.—On the morning of the 26th of October, the Caffre sentenced at the Combined Court received their respective castigations in the Market-square of Durban. A large number of persons were present, including many natives. The number of lashes apportioned to each of the three culprits was twenty-five, but it was remarked by all present that the punishment was a mere mockery, and was evidently regarded with utter indifference by the recipients. If we are to have corporal punishment inflicted on the native at all, let it be worth the name, and, if publicity is to be given to these degrading exhibitions, let the flagellation be exemplary. In this case the floggers seemed rather to enjoy their titillation as a good joke, while on the Caffre around the spectacle produced the effect of a burlesque—a parody of justice.—*Natal Mercury*.

A STORY FROM THE FAR WEST.—The *Salt Lake Telegraph*, of the 11th of November, has the following:—"The biggest thing yet in the gold mining line, surpassing the Mont Cenis story, is reported discovered at Dry Gulch, four miles from Helena, Montana. The Post talks of 'millions lying around loose,' and the vast amount of gold discovered 'affecting the standard of gold valuation throughout the commercial world.' It is stated that Mr. Brown, a German or Norwegian, has discovered a gold deposit which, in richness and extent, has, perhaps, no parallel in the history of gold mining. The ledge has been traced fully 75*ft.* We give the following glowing description of the Post:—'Gold, in almost solid masses, glittered before his bewildered vision. For two weeks longer, unknown to others, he tunnelled into the golden wall. Secreted about him, he had accumulated several gunny sacks, literally filled with the precious metal; when longer secrecy became impracticable, from the very extent of his unexpected wealth, Mr. Brown proceeded to record and secure his property, when the public were informed of the great discovery. It is said that he now keeps a strong guard night and day over his seemingly incomputable wealth, while he himself, unattended, delves into the golden wall around him, and continues multiplying his sacks of precious ore. One person, who was admitted into Mr. Brown's drift, states that it presented a scene of wealth more akin to a picture of imagination than actuality. Gold! gold! gold! met the view on every side—above, below, and all round—and reflected back its rich hues in the glare of the candle, as if this subterranean vault had been hewn out of a solid ledge of the yellow metal. This gold is found in a well-defined ledge, fully 50*ft.* in width. The gold vein is 3*in.* wide—three-fourths of the entire substance therein being pure gold; the remainder mainly blamut. On each side of this vein there is a casing of one foot of quartz, which will assay from 500 *dols.* to 2,000 *dols.* to the ton. The very wall rock is rich.'—*Toronto Globe*.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2*s.* (or free by post for 2*s.* 6*d.*), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 400,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORTON, 25, Old Bailey-street, London.—(Advertisement.)

MILITARY PASTIMES AT MALTA.

[From the *Malta Times* Dec. 14.]

YESTERDAY MORNING, Lieutenant and Adjutant Hammersley and Lieutenant Swinny, of the 1st battalion, 22nd Regiment, were brought before the magistrate, Dr. Vella, for assaulting, striking, and causing bodily injuries to several police-officers, in the night between the 7th and 8th inst., at half-past one o'clock, at Senglea, after having sent for the said constables under false pretences.

Several witnesses, policemen and civilians, were produced, from whose evidence it appeared that a Maltese porter, who was passing the officers' quarters, was requested by the above two gentlemen to fetch them six policemen, without saying for what purpose they were required, offering him at the same time a dollar for his trouble, and keeping his cap as a pledge. On four constables appearing at the corner of the mess-house, they found Lieutenant Swinny waiting for them, attired in his trousers and shirt, who inquired of them why six policemen had not come. He then whistled, and Lieutenant Hammersley came out, dressed in the same light attire. Lieutenant Swinny asked his companion if he was ready, and received an affirmative reply. Both officers then assumed a threatening attitude and clenched their fists. The constables, now perceiving what was intended, avoided a contest, two moving off in one direction and two in another. The two who took the direction towards Isola-gate were pursued, and one of them was overtaken and knocked down by Lieutenant Swinny. The other continued his way to the station at Cospicua to obtain assistance. Of the other two, one returned to assist the constable who had been struck, but was prevented from giving him assistance by Lieutenant Hammersley. The fourth policeman went to the Marina of Senglea for fresh constables. In the meantime, the two policemen, who remained on the spot, were knocked down several times by the two officers and severely bruised. All this occurred in the vicinity of the barrack-gate at Isola, where there is a sentry posted, but who took no notice of the shouts of the constables for the guard. A reinforcement of police having arrived, Lieutenant Swinny was seized and taken, after some resistance, to the Marina of Senglea police-station. Lieutenant Hammersley was also seized, but on his shouting, "Guard, turn out," several soldiers issued from the barracks and rescued him after a scuffle, in which they made use of their bayonet scabbards. Early in the morning Lieutenant Swinny was temporarily released by the orders of Signor Pailla, adjutant of police, and summonses were issued for the two officers to appear on Monday, the 11th inst., at the magistrates' court, on the above charges.

The magistrate patiently examined the whole case, and remanded the prisoners, who were released on parole until the following Wednesday, when they again appeared at the bar, and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and bound over to keep the peace in a sum of £50 each, to be guaranteed by two sureties each.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

THE portraits in page 452 are those of Leopold the Second, the new King of Belgium, and his wife, the Queen. The King, during his father's lifetime, was styled Duke de Brabant, and mixed but little in public affairs, his state of health precluding the possibility of much exertion. He has travelled a great deal, particularly in the east. His wife was an Austrian princess.

WILLIAM ROUFFELL, EX-M.P.—It is well known to the authorities of the convict establishment at Portland, and to all who dwell in the lower part of Dorset, that a great deal of what is technically called "trafficking with prisoners," which means communicating between convicts and their relatives, is carried on clandestinely through the instrumentality of the prison warders and others. It is very seldom, however, that these offenders against the prison regulations are detected, but a conviction for this offence was obtained last Saturday at Dorchester, before H. Williams, Esq., through the assistance of William Rouffell, ex-M.P., who has thereby earned a new claim to the title of "an excellent prisoner," which the governor lately gave him. It appears that a few days ago a warder, named William James Turner, who has been employed at the establishment for upwards of seven years, sent a letter by one of the convicts to Rouffell, intimating that his (Rouffell's) relatives had been imposed on by some one who had applied for money on his behalf, but that he (Turner) would serve him faithfully, and suggesting that Rouffell should write for £10, which, he remarked, would enable him to get comforts which the prison authorities did not allow, and direct it to be sent to him by Post-office order, made payable to "William Halg," at Weymouth. With this letter a sheet of note-paper was enclosed. Rouffell was annoyed to learn that his relatives had been imposed on by people pretending to apply for money for him, because he did not want anything from them, and he showed the letter to the governor of the prison, by whose direction he then wrote a letter to his sister, asking her to send £10, as Turner suggested, and forward it to the warder. Turner wrote on the fly-sheet of Rouffell's letter, recommending that Miss Rouffell should send the £10 by two £5 notes, and forwarded the two communications to her. The governor also wrote to Miss Rouffell, and the result was that she sent a Post-office order for £5 to Turner, made payable as he directed. This he received on Saturday, December 16th, and on Monday morning he sent his wife to get it cashed, when she told the clerk that her husband's name was William Halg, but he could not write, so she put her mark as a signature to the order. Superintendent Underwood, of the county constabulary, was communicated with, and he went to Portland Prison, where Turner was on duty, whom the governor then discharged for trafficking with prisoners, and the superintendent took him into custody for that offence. On Saturday, Mr. Symonds, for the prosecution, applied for a remand, that the examination might take place at the convict establishment, because Rouffell and other convicts were necessary witnesses, when the prisoner desired to plead guilty to the charge, and was, thereupon, sentenced to six months' hard labour. It is understood that other charges of a similar nature will be preferred against the prisoner when he is released from prison.

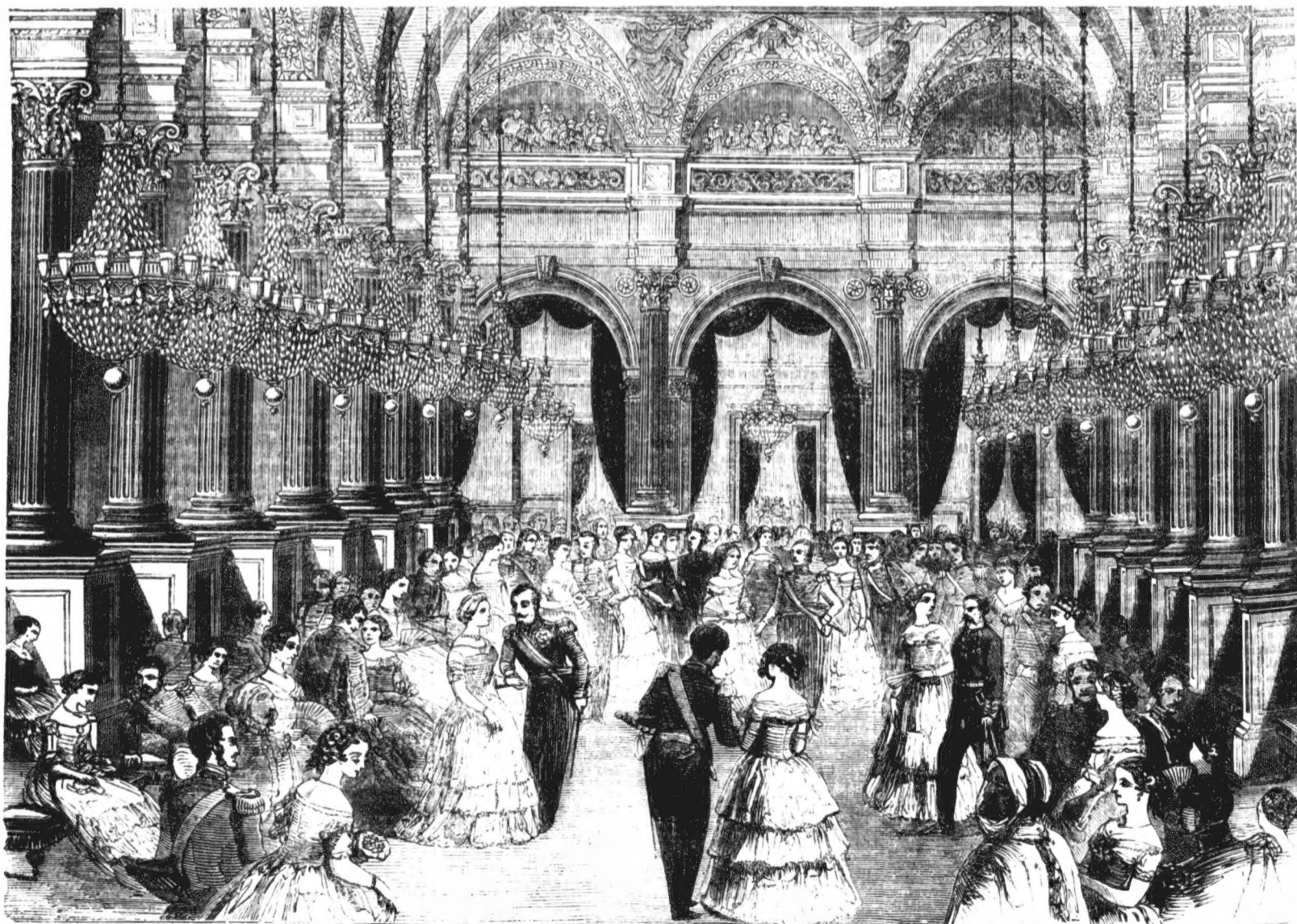
DEATH FOR WITCHCRAFT.—The *New Zealand Herald* publishes a letter, dated September 25, written by its correspondent at Baglan, who says:—"From Kawhia we hear of wars and rumours of wars, instigated probably by the desire of the semi-friendly natives there to be put on rations and receive pay. Hone Wetere (John Wesley), late native magistrate there, who was deposed from his office four years ago for the abduction of a native woman, the wife of a sawyer named Wright, has been adding to the interest of native proceedings at the present time by the commission of a most brutal murder. It seems that this late learned interpreter of the law had, with a zeal worthy of Matthew Hopkins, condemned an old Maori woman of 'makutu' or witchcraft, and punished her by his own hands, cutting off her head on the spot. This may appear to Auckland pulit- Maories as something startling, and, perhaps, out of the way, but to us here it is no startling event. It is only a few years since two natives in our own district murdered a man and woman for the same reason, and cooked a copper Maori over their grave. Much about this same time, at Kawhia, a native and his wife pulled the heart out of their living child, under the impression that the poor infant was bewitched."

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—(Advertisement.)

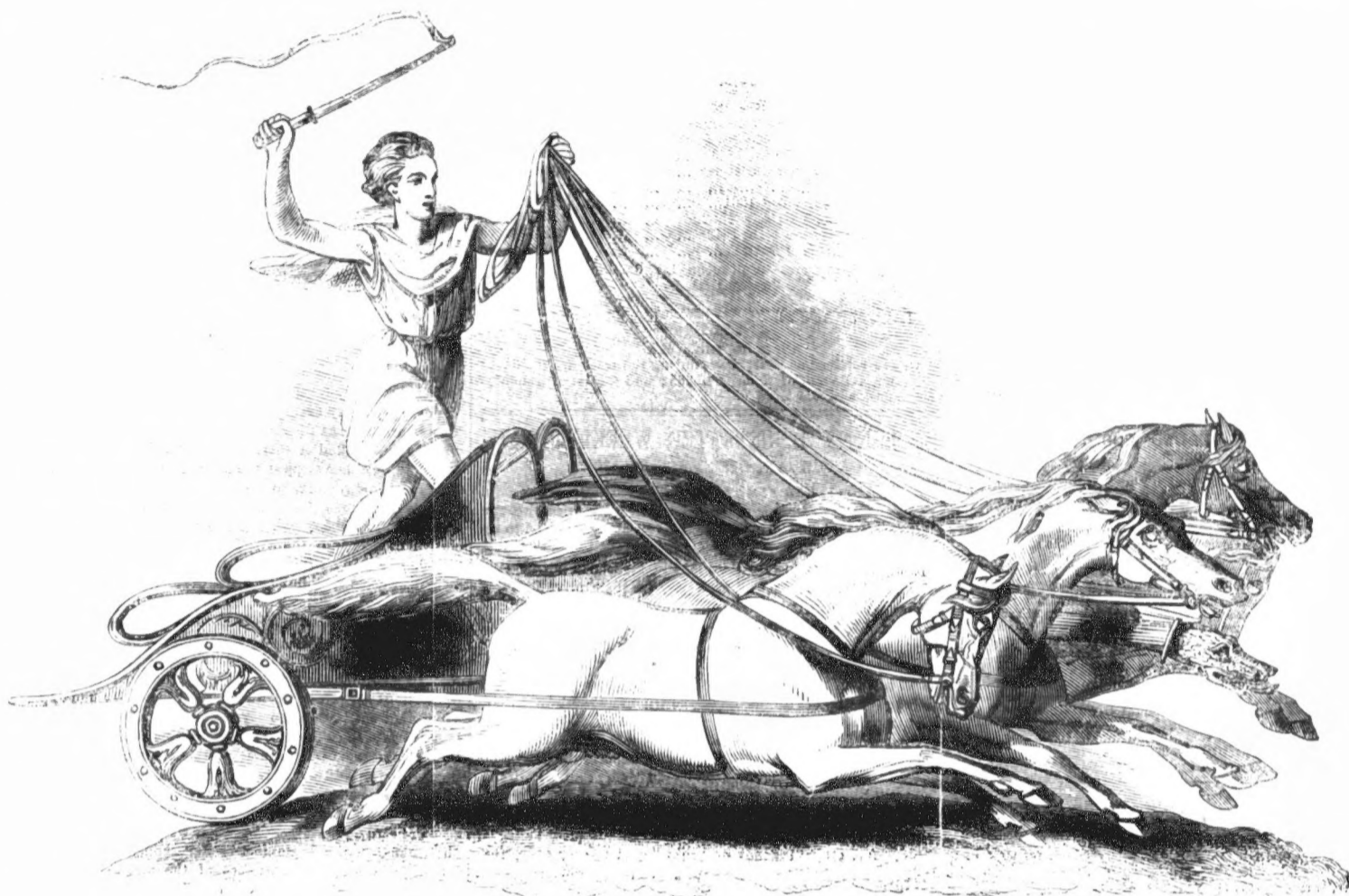
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LEOPOLD II, KING OF THE BELGIANS, AND HIS QUEEN. (See page 451.)



GRAND BALL IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNA MURAT. (See page 451.)



ROMAN CHARIOT RACING, AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL. (See page 458.)



WINE-TASTING IN THE CELLARS OF THE LONDON DOCKS. (See page 451.)

**Now Ready,
THE CHRISTMAS PART
of
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Amongst the contents may be mentioned the following new and original features, written expressly for this Magazine:—
The opening chapters of a beautiful story for Christmas, entitled
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AND WHAT WAS IN IT.
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THE MAGIC WHISTLE.
By MRS. WINSTANLEY.
A POEM.
By ELIZA COOK.

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this publication.

NOTICE.—The Christmas Number, with extra pages and engravings, and
the picture of CHRISTMAS DAY, printed on Toned Paper, ONE
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
* * * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

H. L.—Commissions are not purchased in the royal navy. You must
enter as a naval cadet before you become a midshipman. Candidates
for cadetships must be between thirteen and fifteen. You must first
procure a nomination through an influential person, and then pass an
examination at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, in English com-
position, arithmetic, history, modern geography, writing from dictation,
French or Latin (at choice), and algebra. No premium is required; but
you will have to purchase your own outfit, and your parents ought to be
able to make you a certain allowance monthly or quarterly.

E. E.—Your friend is not bound to receive his wife under such circum-
stances, which are sufficient to justify an application to the Divorce
Court. If he be not acquainted with a respectable London solicitor
residing in that court, we can recommend him one if he will send us
his address.

Y. E.—Everybody will admit, and a great many persons can, no doubt, tell
from experience, that there are times when we must consult a solicitor,
when it would be dangerous to our interests and pockets if we attempted
any other course; but there are also numberless instances when a little
knowledge, or the means of instantly acquiring it in some other and
cheaper way than resorting to the attorney's office, will answer our
purpose and suit our pockets, far better than countless consultations and
the necessary accompaniment of endless fees. A book that shows at a
glance, or at all events at the trouble of five minutes' patient and intelli-
gent study, the state of the law on any given point connected with
the affairs of everyday life and business, is one which ought to be in
the hands of everybody. No matter to what class we belong, we are all
subject to the law, and there is no foretelling when or in what way we
may become involved in one or more of its many obligations, or when
we may have a claim to assert or resist, which, from want of the means
of seeking professional advice, we are compelled to forego or give way to.
Besides which, from a mistaken notion of the law, we are often im-
pelled to act upon our presumed knowledge, and do acts which, when too
late, we find had better have been left undone. All these points, Mr.
Edward Reynolds, the barrister, must have had in view when he under-
took his "Guide to the Law, for General Use."

F. F.—No. The Port of London commences at Gravesend, and extends to
London-bridge.
GEORGE B.—Bush was tried by Mr. Baron Rolfe, afterwards Lord
Chancellor.
DOUGLAS.—The Isle of Man was sold to the Crown for £7,000 by the Duke
of Athol who obtained it by inheritance from the Earl of Derby.
JULIET.—Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, made her first
appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in 1812.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.				H. W. L. B.		
ANNIVERSARIES.				A. M.	P. M.	
30	D	Funeral of Thackeray, 1863	0 15	
31	S	First Sunday after Christmas	0 44	1 11
1	M	Circumcision...	1 38	2 4
2	T	King of Prussia died, 1861...	2 31	2 53
3	W	Sun rises 8h. 8m.; sets, 4h. 2m.	3 15	3 35
4	T	Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642	3 57	4 18
5	F	Dividends Due of Bank	4 40	4 58

Moon's Changes.—Full moon, 1st, 6h. 48m. a.m.
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Isaiah 37; Acts 28. Isaiah 38; Jude.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
The days retained as Feast Days during the week are the 31st;
St. Silvester, a Bishop of Rome, A.D. 335; and the 1st of January,
the circumcision of Our Lord.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

If Christmas be happily with us a season especially devoted to reli-
gious preparations, domestic sympathies, and social merry-making,
it is fortunate that it is also traditionally associated in this land
with "goodwill towards men," with pity for their privations and
sufferings, and with an earnest and universal desire to mitigate
both. For it is in this land that both inevitably appeal at this
season to our compassion. In addition to the increasing cold, that
necessitates far more abundant and clothing warmer than usual to
those with whom food is scarce, fuel scarcer, and raiment scanty,
there is the contingent turbulence of the wind and the water, with
which a maritime nation like ourselves must find its interests so
vitaly connected. Few shore-living folk would dream that not a
single day passes that does not add about this time of the year some
three or four wrecks to the frightful list of such calamities which
have already grieved the island. Fewer still are aware of the
numberless heroic but desperate efforts which are daily made by
our hardy mariners in hurrying to the relief of their suffering
brethren. But all will admit on acquiring the knowledge, that
whilst such dangers claim all compassion for the sufferers, such
exertions deserve all liberal reward to those who rush to the rescue.
The latter may be cheerfully expected to be provided by those who
are unable personally to assist in the good work. The urgent need
of this liberality receives daily illustration. The tidings of such
unusually arrive, and a pertinent instance is even now
shocking the feelings of the public. On Wednesday night
week a fine screw steamer, the *Ibis*, in approaching her destination,
Cork Harbour, met with a fierce gale, which drove her to gladly
take shelter for the night in what was even itself a dangerous spot
under the circumstances, Ballycroyne Bay, somewhat to the east-
ward of Queenstown. She only managed to get even there with
great difficulty, and her machinery being disabled in the endeav-
our, whilst it was perilous to remain, it was impossible to leave.
Assistance was telegraphed for, and on the Thursday morning two
steamers arrived in aid, but the heavy sea and violent wind ren-
dered it impossible for either to communicate with her, and a boat
gallantly making the attempt could not get within a cable's length.
At last, towards one o'clock the *Sabrina* succeeded in attaching a
hawser to her, and the endeavour to tow her from her danger
commenced. But very shortly, owing to the violence of the gale,
the hawser parted, and the faded ship, having of course slipped her
anchor on being taken in tow, drifted rapidly, impelled both by
wind and sea, on to the rocks. Escape for those on board seemed
hopeless, but our brave seamen at least never despair. Whilst
the ship was yet drifting, and in a raging sea, Captain
Holland, her commander, made, with two volunteers, a
bold attempt to convey the parted hawser in a boat to
the *Sabrina*. It was a deed as desperate as it was gallant.
The boat was capsized, and Captain Holland was flung on shore in
a state of insensibility, having nearly lost his life in an endeavour
to save that of one of his men, who, unhappily, was drowned before
his eyes. In the meantime the *Ibis* struck on the rocks, the sea
made a clean sweep over her, and she threatened to speedily fall to
pieces. The chief mate then set to work to construct a raft, and on
it thirty-eight persons—all on board—made a desperate attempt for
their lives. Three were speedily washed off, and probably but few
would have been able to hold for long, when, fortunately, a Liver-
pool steamer, provided, as usual, with life-boats, hove in sight.
One of these she at once despatched to the rescue. The half-
drowned group were got safely on board, the life-boat was towed
by one of the steam-tugs to Queenstown, and thirty-three human
beings were thus providentially snatched from the very jaws of
death. In the face of such a history as this, it is impossible for the
mind not to revert to the reflection that there exists in this country
an institution devoted solely to the praiseworthy endeavour of es-
tablishing and rendering certain all round our coasts the precise
means whereby this rescue was accidentally effected. It pro-
poses to organize them in such numbers as shall reduce
such disasters to a very low average. The National Life-
boat Institution has long ago proved by hard facts and
bitter experience that life-boats, and those closely sta-
tioned along our more dangerous shores, can alone contend with
this fearful and unceasing enemy. This proposition is, fortunately,
also admitted by the public, which has found the reward for its
liberality of support towards it in perceiving the number of lives
yearly saved by these means to be increased according to the in-
crease of means placed at the disposal of the institution. But this
also obviously proves that there are more lives to be saved than
there are at present means to save them. In 1863 and in 1864
there were as many as seven hundred persons in each rescued from
the very brink of the grave by means of the society's lifeboats. But
the number of wrecks which happened on spots where there were
no boats stationed, or too distant for their arrival in time, render it

probable that, could that deficiency have been remedied, the amount
saved might have been doubled or trebled. When it is borne in
mind that the institution is thus restricted in its good work, though
it musters upwards of one hundred and fifty boats, it will be readily
perceived how deserving it is of increased encouragement on the
part of the public.

The cattle plague is running its course with terrible steadiness and
certainty. Week after week the number of cases increases by al-
most regular additions. The first return made in the present
month showed nearly 4,000 attacks, the second upwards of 5,000,
the third upwards of 6,000. Before the close of the year we may
expect to see the report reach to 8,000 or 9,000, and there is but too
much reason to fear that the rate of progress may be still further
accelerated. Even as it is, the deaths represent a mortality of more
than half a million a year. Nor can we derive any consolation
from the details of the returns. The plague is growing and spread-
ing in nine districts out of the twelve. It appears to be declining
in the metropolitan police district, but that, we are told, is because
the cattle have been all destroyed, and there is no longer food for
the pestilence. It seems also on the decrease, though but slightly,
and, perhaps, not permanently, in the northern counties and Scot-
land, but in every other quarter the evil is worse than before. If
Wales enjoyed any exemption at first, it appears to do so no longer.
The return for that district, which includes also Monmouthshire,
was 116 on the 2nd of this month, and 287 on the 16th. It seems
as if nothing either stopped the plague, or prevented it, or cured it.
We must again remark, however, that the returns from Scotland do
indicate some mode of treatment which, by comparison, may, per-
haps, be termed successful. In the whole kingdom together, exclu-
sive of Scotland, the attacks have been, in round numbers,
38,000. As many as 10,000 of the animals were killed by their
owners or doctors, while 20,000 died of the actual murrain, and 2,500
only recovered. In Scotland, on the other hand, out of an aggre-
gate of 17,500 cases, only 2,300 were killed, and while 9,780 died, a
many as 2,100 recovered. We see, therefore, that among the Scotch
farmers the slaughter has been small, and the saving great. The
recoveries are almost equal in number to the recoveries in all the rest
of the kingdom. Such a contrast deserves inquiry and explanation.
We cannot but discern, however, upon the whole, an ominous ana-
logy between the story of this plague at its last appearance and the
current accounts of its course at this moment. The events and
proceedings of 1746 may be regarded as prefiguring very closely those
of 1866. The alarm, we are told, was comparatively slight at first.
A whole generation had passed away since the murrain had been
seen or heard of, and its early ravages were set down rather as local
outbreaks than the beginnings of a sweeping pestilence. Not till
after twelve months' experience of the plague was the country
thoroughly roused to a sense of the danger, and then measures of
repression had lost much of their power. However, they were tried,
and almost invariably with more or less success. Wherever the
traffic in cattle was prohibited or regulated, the disease gradually
subsidized; when the restrictions were removed or evaded it broke
out again. It was undoubtedly checked, if not extinguished, by
local precautions and quarantine, but these arrangements neces-
sarily produced inconvenience, and when they were evaded or pre-
maturely rescinded the plague gained ascendancy once more. This
is very like the story told in our columns week after week. We
have had the murrain among us more than six months already, and
yet it may be doubted whether the nature of the crisis is thoroughly
appreciated except by the farmers themselves. They, as we have
seen, are prepared for any sacrifices, but they are in advance of their
countrymen, and of Government too.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Continue to attend to borders and beds.
Give auralias, carnations, pinks, &c., plenty of air, but water
them sparingly. Protect pansies from severe weather. Give a
top-dressing of rotten dung between pinks. Plant roses in mild
weather; but protect the roots from frost with well mulching with
rotten dung. Look over roots of dahlias, and if young plants are
required for beds and borders, excite the roots in a gentle heat.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Take advantage of dry frosty mornings to
fork over heavy ground that has been previously trenched; for the
more it receives the influence of the frosts the better. In favour-
able weather, fill up flasks in cabbages. Continue to use the hoe
freely. Sow Early Horn carrots on a warm border; and protect in
severe weather. Sow peas and beans in favourable weather on a
warm border; also in pans or boxes, to be kept in frames for early
transplanting. Early short-top radishes may likewise be sown on
a warm border, to be well protected with mats or straw. As soon
as they vegetate, remove the covering by day, but replace it at
night; also, when exposed, protect from birds by lines of thread or
worsted, on which hang pieces of coloured cloth.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Prune and fork up the ground near the roots
of trees in frosty weather to destroy the eggs or larvae of grub.
Scrape off moss of lichen from stems and branches, and dress
espallier or standard trees with a mixture of quicklime, soot, and
clay, about the consistency of paint. This will effectually destroy
moss and lichen. Thin out cross and crowded branches in all
directions.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNA MURAT.

THE long-announced wedding of Princess Anna Murat with the
Duke de Mouchy took place on Monday, at Paris. The "civil
marriage" was by special authorization performed at the residence
of the bride's father, in the Avenue Montaigne. Immediately
afterwards the bride and the bridegroom and their friends were
driven to the Tuileries in Court carriages; the religious part of
the ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Palace, the Emperor
and Empress being present, with all that portion of the Parisian
beau monde that gravitates about the Court. The wedding breakfast
took place at the Tuileries, the Emperor himself proposing the
health of the newly-married couple, who started soon afterwards,
not for Compiegne or Fontainebleau, but for the duke's seat in the
country.

On page 452 we give an engraving of the grand hall which
afterwards was given in honour of the interesting event.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS at TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.
—Superior Harmoniums from £4 1s. 0d. and upwards. New model piano-
fortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the
lowest possible prices. Price list post-free. (Advertisement.)

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those
lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones,
the Dentist, of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just
exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose
teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no
pain. (Advertisement.)

LORD DUNDREARY IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

In the Court of Queen's Bench has been tried a case, Swanborough v. Sothorn.

This was an action to recover damages for a breach of contract. The defendant pleaded various pleas, and amongst others illness.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Field, Q.C., and Mr. Willes were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Bovill, Q.C., and Mr. Henry James were counsel for the defendant.

Plaintiff is proprietor of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, and the defendant is the celebrated actor, "Lord Dundreary." The latter had entered into an engagement with Mr. Swanborough to perform at the Prince of Wales Theatre in Birmingham for seventeen nights, but he failed to do so. A second engagement was then entered into, and after performing four or five nights, the defendant declined to carry out the remainder of the engagement, and the plaintiff had brought this action to recover compensation for the loss he had sustained in consequence.

The plaintiff deposed: Early in March I received a letter from Mr. Sothorn, dated the 18th of March, stating he could perform for seventeen nights. I had previously received from the defendant an inquiry note, and on the 14th March I wrote to the defendant saying that I had booked his engagement for seventeen nights, commencing on the 19th September and ending October 7th. In May I received a telegram from defendant to come to London, and met him by appointment at the Cafe de l'Europe. Defendant said he had made a mistake this time, and had got himself into a difficulty. It was no use his writing to me because he thought an interview would be much better, as he had made another engagement for the same time as mine. I asked with whom, and he said Mr. Henderson, of Liverpool, and that he had threatened him with an action if he did not fulfil his engagement with him. I said, "I understood you and Henderson were so friendly that nothing of the kind could take place." He then said that if it ended so he could never play for Henderson again for he had brought him a great deal of money. I said I cannot possibly put off the engagement, inasmuch as it is the longest you have ever made with me, and you are perfectly well aware that the people of the district have not seen you. The defendant replied, "Well, I was thinking £100 would compensate you." I said, "I cannot take £300, for I confidently believe this will be the best engagement you have ever had with me; but if you can possibly give me dates I may be able to postpone it." He replied that he could not fix any date, and upon that I said, "You must settle with Henderson. I cannot waive my engagement." He gave me a glass of sherry and a very fine cigar, and he said, "Well then, rely upon it, old boy, I'll play for you." (Laughter.) It was arranged in a former letter that the defendant should appear in "David Garrick." I made preparations for the defendant's appearance. I received sketches and special scenery for "Brother Sam" from the defendant, and also a draft play bill. I advertised Mr. Sothorn in the usual way, and had posters of "Sothorn as David Garrick" on rainbow paper posted all over the town of Birmingham and the neighbourhood. I also underlined him in the playbills. Mr. Sothorn was to take half the gross receipts, and I was to pay the expenses out of my half. The scenery, in accordance with the plaintiff's sketches, cost about £120, and the properties between £30 and £40. I received a telegram from defendant, stating that he had not been properly advertised, and therefore, his engagement was null and void. I replied that he was, and that the box plan was opened, and I inquired for the posters the defendant had promised to send. I afterwards received them. On the 19th of September (the day Mr. Sothorn was to open) defendant's agent went on the stage for rehearsal in the middle of the day. The first piece in the evening was a rehearsal, and it had concluded before Mr. Sothorn arrived. Mr. Clifton, the stage-manager, was sent to the station, and some time after I was called to the stage-door. Mr. Sothorn was in a cab, and a large crowd had assembled around. I asked him to come into my room, and I was at least ten minutes before I could persuade him to do so. Some people would not go into the theatre in consequence, and others came out to know what was the matter. Whilst in the cab, Mr. Sothorn said he was too hoarse to perform. After he got into the theatre behind the scenes, I asked him if he could not by any possibility appear, otherwise it would be ruinous to me. He said, "How can I possibly appear when I am so hoarse?" I said, "Will you come before the curtain with me, and show the public that you are here, and let them see that it is no fault of mine?" He replied, "I will not make an exhibition of myself for you or anybody else." Mr. Martin, my stage-manager, said, "Surely you might have some sympathy for Mr. Swanborough." He said, "I have no sympathy with Mr. Swanborough's theatre; my sympathy is with myself." I then said, "Will you or will you not make an apology to the audience?" He said, "No." I then called a member of my company, and also Mr. Andrews, the defendant's agent, around me, to witness that I should hold the defendant answerable for any damage I might sustain by the act I was about to do—viz., that I would return the money and that I would defray the expenses they had been put to in coming to the theatre. Mr. Sothorn said, "Oh, if that's the case, there is an end of the matter," and walked out of the theatre. He said that in a very good voice. I never heard him with a better voice; during the conversation he was a little husky. I returned the whole of the receipts, and about £4 10s. for dead heads—free admissions, who took advantage of the occasion and got paid—which caused great discontent. I got more from the district, the black country, than from the town of Birmingham. The company were dissatisfied, and said it was humbug. I saw Mr. Sothorn the following day at his residence, Urban-road, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning; he was writing and smoking a cigar. He said, "Ah, I am very glad you are come. I am going to bring an action against you." I said, "Mr. Sothorn, don't talk nonsense. I am come to talk business. Do you intend to carry out your contract with me or not?" He said, "I'll not play under this engagement if it costs me £1,000." He said, "Fechter and Barnett have got over you to burke my engagement." I then said, "Sothorn, how can that be possible? I am more interested in the engagement than you are, inasmuch as I have gone to a great expense, and have to pay all my salaries out of my half, and you take a clear half to yourself." Mr. Andrews and a solicitor of Birmingham came in, and Mr. Sothorn had a long conversation with them about the engagement. Defendant said that he was ill, hoarse, and that he would not play under the existing engagement. I said I was under a disadvantage. Mr. Martineau said, "Don't think I have been consulted before, Mr. Swanborough. I have only just been sent for to advise Mr. Sothorn." He offered to withdraw, and I said, "Then we will talk it over without prejudice," and upon that he said he would rather talk it over amicably and settle the matter. I acceded to that, and said all I wanted was for Mr. Sothorn to fulfil his engagement, and not break faith with the public. Mr. Sothorn said he had taken an oath not to play under the engagement, but he would enter into a new one. That was done, and he went with him out for a walk through the town to show that he was there. He went and bought a new hat. (Laughter.) The defendant performed, but the audiences were small, and it was arranged "to paper the house." On the sixth night the defendant said a paper house was not like a paying house, there is always a coldness about it. (Laughter.) On the following day, I went to see the defendant at his hotel: he said he was too ill to play. I said, "Sothorn, this is something fearful for me; I have papered the house by your direction, cannot you possibly get through one act, for I do not know what on earth I shall do with the public?" He said, "My dear boy, I can't," and handed me a medical certificate, stating that he could not perform with safety to his health, that he would require a fortnight's rest, and,

then, probably have to undergo an operation. I said, "What am I to do, I have no pieces ready to play?" Mr. Andrews said, "I would never do that; I would rather stick a mop on the stage and play than that." (Laughter.) Defendant said, "Play yourself, and Andrews will play for you." I said, "That's perfectly ridiculous," and entreated him to appear, but he positively refused, and desired Mr. Andrews, his agent, to get the medical certificate printed and posted outside the theatre. At night when the people came there was great confusion—600 or 800 in the house, and the people and the "dead heads" demanded their money back. (Laughter.) On the 3rd of October I wrote to the defendant, and on the 6th I received an answer stating that my letter was incomprehensible, and it referred to other matters of no consequence. The expenses were £881, and the receipts were £399, leaving a loss of about £480, exclusive of £1,000 I should have made out of the engagement.

Mr. Johnson (a comedian) proved that Mr. Sothorn acted on the night of the 7th of October at Dublin. He had been advertised about a week. Mr. Sothorn was at rehearsal in the morning; he appeared in his usual health.

The defence was that the defendant was suffering from an attack which rendered it impossible for him to perform, except at the risk of life, and they mutually came to a termination of the engagement. Mr. Sothorn did not go to Birmingham for the purpose of breaking his engagement, and he very naturally felt aggrieved at the manner in which he had been treated by the plaintiff. It was an unfortunate affair, and if Mr. Swanborough had suffered in pocket, Mr. Sothorn had been a greater loser, as he would have had half the receipts. It was, therefore, Mr. Sothorn's interest to have performed if his health would have permitted it. It was during his illness that an application was made to him to go to Dublin, and he went there against his medical adviser's consent. He acted there one day, and he had to be attended the following day by a medical man in Dublin.

The defendant was called, and deposed as above.

The jury ultimately returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £50. There was a difference of opinion as to the number of days the plaintiff could have performed, and they confirmed the amount.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ENGLISH ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT.

THE brethren of the English order of St. Benedict at Norwich have been at considerable pains to celebrate Christmas in accordance with their principles. The revolt of the order in June proved a great blow to the delicate organization of Brother Ignatius, and his health was so completely prostrated that it was deemed advisable to remove him from Norwich in September, and he was taken first to Thaxton, in Kent, then to North Wales, and finally to his father's house at Hambledon, Hampshire. It had been hoped that he would have been able to return to Norwich, to superintend the Christmas celebration, but he was unable to do so. The gentleman who has been in charge at Norwich in the absence of Brother Ignatius is Brother Placidus, who seems to have discharged his duties with discretion. In one or two respects, however, it is understood that the rules of the order have been relaxed. Certainly it is a self-evident fact that the brethren are allowing their hair to grow again on the crowns of their heads, while rumour also hints that they are allowed more hours of uninterrupted sleep than formerly, to their great comfort and advantage. Their dress has, however, undergone no change, and although the weather has been somewhat cold during the last few days, they have walked about with sandals as usual. On Sunday evening the brethren celebrated service at seven p.m., and at midnight, holy communion being administered—or to speak more correctly, we believe "the blessed sacrament being exhibited"—on the latter occasion. On Monday morning service was again held in the chapel, which was decorated in an almost entirely different manner from last year. True, the walls were draped with some red and white material, the colours alternating, and being divided as it were into panels by lines of white paper roses. The cast iron pillars supporting the low roof of the poor room which the brethren still use as a chapel—although a new and more pretentious building has now made considerable progress—were also decorated with evergreens, while over what was formerly the principal entrance were two large statues of angels, with a figure of the infant Jesus between them. The altar was covered with candles, while on the super altar was an ivory crucifix; the super altar was draped with white satin, and white may be said to have been the prevailing colour about the altar generally. There were two alcoves with a lesser number of candles, and with figures in both. The general effect was lighter and more cheerful than it was last year. The chapel was also lighted with gas, as well as with innumerable candles. The chapel on Sunday evening was crowded. The brethren entered the chapel from another part of the building in procession, a large brass crucifix being carried before them by one of the choir boys, who wear red and blue dresses, covered with white surplices. Four monks followed in the procession—viz., Brother Placidus, Brother Dunstan, Brother Brannock, and Brother Philip. The three first wore very rich gold embroidered dresses. The services consisted of intonations of portions of the Book of Common Prayer. Towards the close all the candles about the altar were lighted, the blaze of light being afterwards dimmed, however, by clouds of incense. Then Brother Placidus ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon, having Christmas for its subject. Brother Brannock then proceeded to collect arms in a small wooden platter. The singing of the choir was very good, but the musical part of the services of the brethren is scarcely distinguished by the excellence which distinguished it, when the order had the advantage of Brother Ignatius' taste and skill in this particular. On Saturday the brethren distributed meat among the poor around them, with whom they are not unpopular. The works of the new chapel, which stands in the rear of the present monastery, have been carried to an advanced stage, and the building is expected to be opened for service on St. Benedict's day—that is, in March. All these results could not be attained without funds, and funds the brethren of the English order of St. Benedict must have, although their income may be a precarious one.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—James McOormack, said to be the oldest man in the United States, died at Newburgh, New York, on the 11th of November. His age is stated to have been 114 years, three months, and five days. He did not marry until he was forty-five; he then became the father of fourteen children.

A BUTTERFLY OUT OF SEASON.—On Tuesday last a beautiful butterfly was captured in the square at Orton near the Three Tuns Inn. It appeared quite lively.—*Westmorland Gazette.*

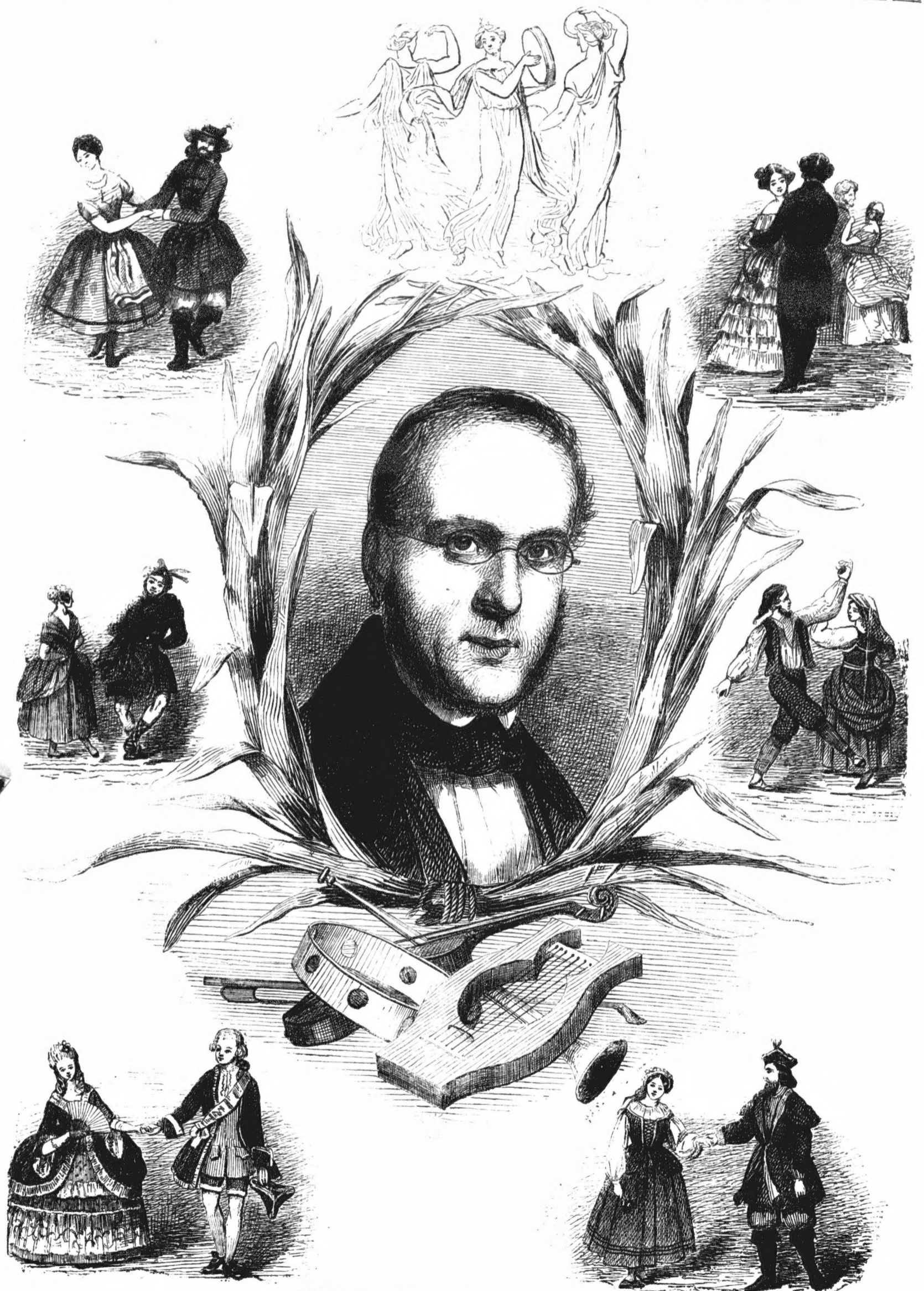
INTERRUPTION OF A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.—An awkward accident occurred to a Highland funeral at Inverness lately. A funeral party arrived at the Inverness Station from a sea-coast village in Morayshire, for the purpose of proceeding to the place of interment in Sutherlandshire. They took advantage of the interval between the arrival of the Morayshire train and the train for the north to leave the station for refreshments, and tarrying too long over their liquor, found, on their return to the platform, that the train and the corpse had gone on without them. The friends of the deceased, who were waiting the arrival of the corpse, were, of course, sadly put about by the non-appearance of the party in charge of the remains; but whether, in the circumstances, they proceeded with the funeral, or postponed it till next day, we have not heard.—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

DEATH OF SIR C. EASTLAKE.

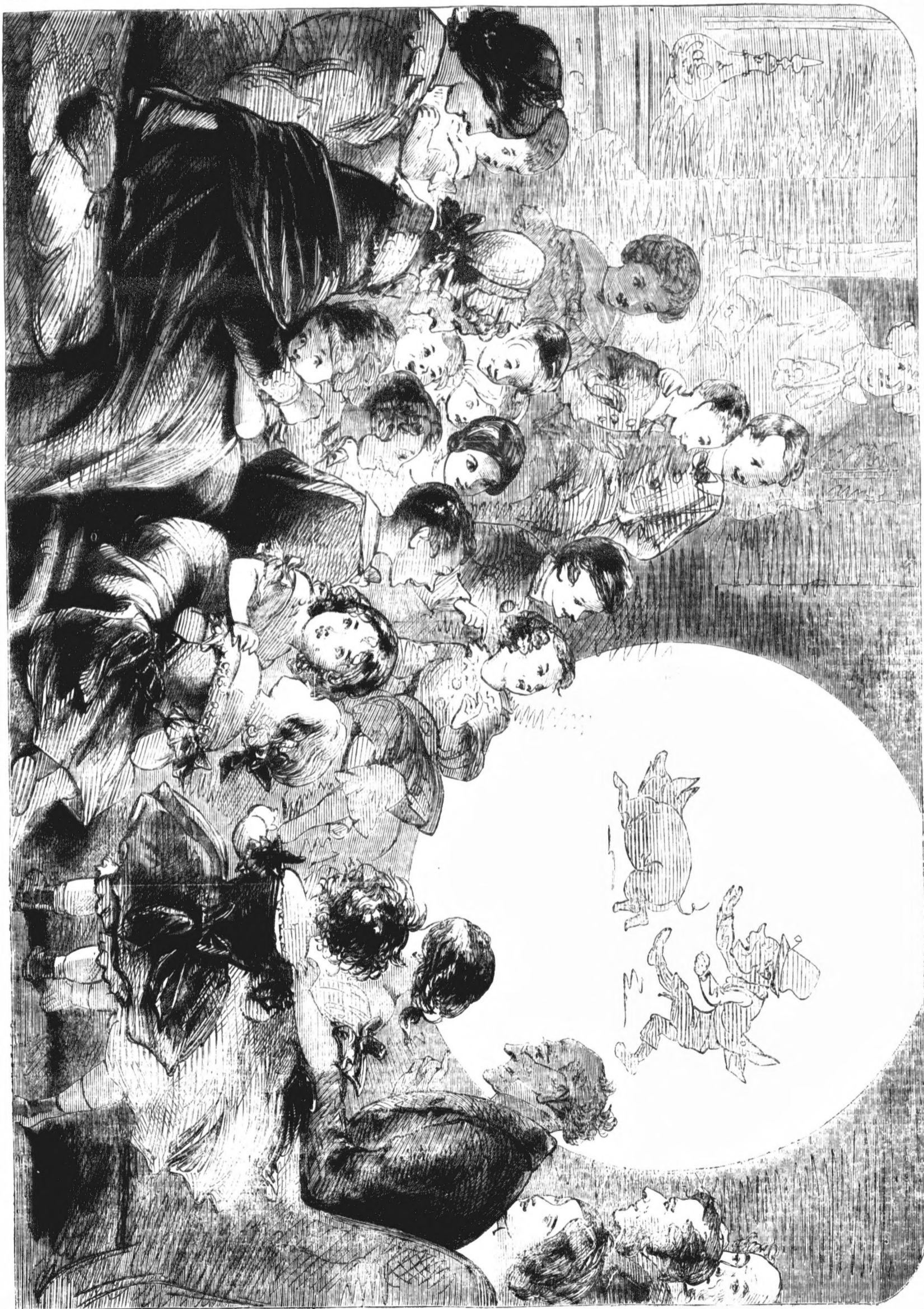
WE regret to state that a telegram received from Pisa on Sunday announces the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy. From "Men of the Time" we learn that he was the son of a solicitor, and was born at Plymouth, in 1793 and was educated at the Charterhouse, which he quitted at an early age for the purpose of pursuing his artistic studies. After the usual probation at the Royal Academy, under Fuseli, he painted a picture of "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," purchased by the late Mr. Jeremiah Harman, one of the leading connoisseurs of the time, by whom he was employed to make copies from celebrated pictures in the Louvre; an occupation which the tour of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, compelled him to relinquish. On his return home he employed himself chiefly in portrait-painting in his native town, and on the arrival at Plymouth of the Bellerophon with Napoleon Bonaparte on board, he managed, from sketches made daily alongside, to paint a full-length life-size portrait of the ex-Emperor, as he appeared at the gangway of the ship. In 1817 Mr. Eastlake visited Italy, and in 1819 Greece, accompanied by the late Sir Charles Barry. In the following year he made the tour of Sicily, after which he returned to Rome, where he remained several years. The first year in which we find any pictures in the Royal Academy from his pencil was in 1823, when he exhibited views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, the Coliseum, and St. Peter's. Soon afterwards he began to paint those costumed groups, illustrative of Italian life, for which the neighbourhood of Rome affords such abundant materials, a class of subjects then much sought for by its occasional visitors. The first of his works of this kind sent over to England for exhibition was "A Girl of Albano Leading a Blind Woman to Mass" (1825), to which succeeded, in 1827, a more ambitious attempt—"The Spartan Ladies." In 1827 Mr. Eastlake was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in the year ensuing he produced his "Pilgrims Arriving in Signo of Rome," his most successful effort. During his residence at Rome he painted many pictures of cabinet size, of subjects connected with Roman banditti, contadini, &c. In 1830 he attained the rank of Royal Academician, and returned to England, when he abandoned his Italian costumed groups for a higher walk of art. He still continued, however, to illustrate Italian history, poetry, and manners; and his "Contadina and Family Returning from a Festa, prisoners to Banditti," a repetition of a similar subject painted by him in Rome, and "Escape of Francesco di Carrara and his wife," must always rank among his most successful efforts. In a similar category may be classed several scenes of the Turco-Greek war, his "Greek Fugitives," his "Arab Selling his Captives," his "Gaston de Foix," &c. About this period he began to devote himself more especially to religious subjects, and his "Christ Blessing the Little Children," "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," "Hagar and Ishmael," remind us in sentiment of some of the best works of Ary Scheffer, but are more agreeable in colour. The reputation attained by Mr. Eastlake, both as an artist and connoisseur, led to his appointment in 1841, by Sir Robert Peel, to the office of Secretary to the Royal Commission of Fine Arts. In 1843 he was appointed Keeper of the National Gallery, but he resigned the office in 1847. In 1850, on the death of Sir M. A. Shee, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, and received the honour of knighthood. In 1855, Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed director of the National Gallery, under the new and greatly extended form of organization, since which that institution has received numerous and valuable additions worthy of the chefs-d'œuvre in the Angerstein collection gallery, which formed the basis of our national collection. His avocations, however, appear to have left him little leisure for art, and we have accordingly had but few pictures from his easel for some time past. Sir Charles Eastlake has made several valuable contributions to the literature of the Fine Arts, among which may be mentioned his translation of "Goethe on Colour," "Notes to Kugler's Handbook of Painting," and "Contributions towards a History of Oil Painting." He was one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and also ex officio a trustee of the British Museum.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN A CHURCH.—At Accrington Police-court on Monday, Frederick Rogers, a power-loom weaver, was brought up charged with being drunk in All Saints' Clayton-le-Moors, on the previous Sunday night. The defendant went to the evening service with a horse-cloth over his shoulders, and quietly took his seat just under the pulpit, near the Rev. T. Cooper, incumbent. The appearance of the defendant created no small merriment among the youngsters, while the more advanced in age looked upon the intruder with astonishment. He was dressed in fustian trousers and a coat of many colours and patches. When Mr. Cooper began to read the service, defendant seriously, and with all the gravity imaginable, pulled out a cover for "Chambers's Journal," and began to write upon it. The minister, who was completely at fault, descended the pulpit, took the cover from defendant, and reascended. Defendant was not going to be done that way; he followed the minister, and was at the top of the pulpit as soon as the rev. gentleman, where he applied for his "cover." Mr. Cooper refused to give it up, and defendant began to pull at the minister's surplice. Police-sergeant Hall happened to be in the gallery of the church, and at the beck of the minister he came to the pulpit and took defendant away and looked him up. In reply to the bench, defendant said he was reporter for "Chambers's Journal," and he thought he had a right to "take" a sermon when he thought proper. The only mistake made was in getting too near the minister. Mr. Cooper did not wish to press the case, and defendant was only fined 5s. and costs for being drunk.—*Preston Herald.*

A DARING BURGLARY AND CAPTURE OF THE THIEVES.—At an early hour on Sunday morning last, a daring burglary was committed at the dwelling-house of a widow, Mrs. Anna Maria Combes, of Tibbury. The thieves, it appeared, resorted to the old plan of placing a treacle plaster on a pane of glass, so as to deaden the sound in breaking. By this means they removed a pane near the fastening of a widow, and so effected an entrance to a sleeping apartment on the ground floor. Mrs. Combes and her servant slept together in the room, and they awoke during the search of the burglars. Little suspecting the presence of such unwelcome visitors, the servant jumped out of bed, and the first thing she caught hold of was a man's arm! Her terror may be easily imagined, but she nevertheless had courage to strike a light, when the women were alarmed at finding two ruffians in the room. Their apprehension was by no means allayed either when the fellows demanded money, and threatened that if any noise were made they would cut the throats of both mistress and servant. Having thoroughly ransacked Mrs. Combes's pocket, and found a purse containing about 12s. or 13s., they decamped; but the light procured by the servant enabled both women to see distinctly the features and the dress of the burglars. Their dress, too, was somewhat remarkable, one of them wearing an old military suit, and the other a dirty smock-frock. As soon as the terrified women recovered themselves, they dressed and gave information to the police, when Mr. Superintendent Dann and several constables started in pursuit of the burglars. In a short time the fellows were traced through Barlowa St. Martin and Groveley Wood, to Stophord, and they were ultimately captured at the Bell Inn, Winterbourne Stoke, where they were coolly drinking a quart of ale. The superintendent took the prisoners to Hindon on the same evening and on Wednesday they were brought before the magistrate there and committed for trial at the assizes.—*Salisbury Journal.*



OPENING OF THE SEASON.—DANCES OF ALL NATIONS.



A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.—THE MAGIC LANTERN.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The gorgeous pantomime of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" has almost surpassed expectation, notwithstanding the well-known magnificence with which the Christmas spectacles are produced at this house. We give the full plot in our last, and we must now leave further notice to a future opportunity.

DRURY LANE.—"Little King Pippin; or, Harlequin Fortunatus and the Magic Purse and Wishing Cap," is the title of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime here. The first scene presents the Temple of Mammon, where Mammon receives a visit from Fortune to obtain the inexhaustible Purse, and try the question whether the possession of an endless supply of money can secure perfect happiness. Mr. Henri Drayton, Miss E. Falconer, and Miss Hazlewood enrich this scene by some excellent vocal music. Taking flight to the Haunt of Fancy, on the summit of Mount Olympus, we have one of Mr. William Beverley's grand Ballet Scenes. The story of Fortunatus commences in the city of Famagorta, in the island of Cyprus. The Purse is given by Fortune to the young hero, who puts its power to the test in a variety of ways, and he then proceeds to purchase the wonderful Wishing Cap of King Pippin, who has very little in his treasury. The Court of King Pippin is exhibited with upwards of two hundred children, engaged in the ceremonies proper to royal personages, when no sooner does Fortunatus fill the treasury than an insurrection takes place of the people. The King, who has sold his Wishing Cap for the sum produced by the contents of the inexhaustible purse, is glad to escape with Fortunatus, and after wish themselves "a thousand miles away," when they find themselves in Flanders. They get into such a remarkable difficulty that they are glad to wish themselves some miles above the earth, when Fortune re-appears, and the Transformation follows, revealing the Fancy Factory of the Wheels of Fortune. Miss Augusta Thomson is Fortunatus; Master Percy Roselle, Little King Pippin; Mr. George Belmont, the unlucky Father of Fortunatus; Mr. G. Weston, the Mother; Mr. Barby Earl of Flanders; Miss Hazlewood, Fancy; Miss E. Falconer, Fortune; and Mr. Henri Drayton as Mammon. The scenery is remarkable for the novelty of its design, and Mr. William Beverley has again fully equalled, if not surpassed, the brilliant achievements of former years. Mr. James Tucker has invented the skilful and elaborate machinery. The celebrated Dykewynyn has designed the numerous masks, dresses, &c. Mr. John Barnard has composed appropriate music; and Mr. Robert Roxby has superintended the entire production. The Harlequinade employs, as usual, a double company. Mr. Cormack and Mr. Harry Boleno, the inventors of the tricks and arrangers of the Pantomime business, are Harlequin and Clown; with Mr. S. Saville and Mr. O. Lauri as the Harlequin and Clown of the second troupe, and with Messrs. A. Barnes and W. J. Morris as Pantaloon, and Madame Boleno and Miss Laura Morgan as Columbine. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have been profuse in their expenditure, and the prestige which has been so long attached to this theatre for the Christmas pantomime is fully maintained. There have been morning performances every day through the week.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Sothern re-appeared at this establishment on Boxing Night, in the renowned Lord Dundreary's "Brother Sam." Mr. Beckstone, Mr. Oampton, Miss Snowden, and Miss Nelly Moore are in the comedy with Mr. Sothern. The Christmas piece is written by Mr. Planche in his usual elegant and pointed style. It contains Offenbach's music. Its title is "Orpheus in the Haymarket." The magnificent scenery is by Messrs. O'Connor and Morris. Mr. David Fisher, Mr. Bartleman, Miss Helen Howard, Miss Ellen Woolgar, Mr. W. Farren, Miss Louise Keeley, Miss Nelly Moore, Miss H. Lindley, Miss Fanny Wright, Miss Lovel, Miss Coleman, and Miss Prevot, make up one of the most attractive companies in London.

PRINCESS.—The drama of "Never too Late to Mend" has not been altered here for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Vining is evidently completely satisfied with the spectacular embellishments of the play meeting the demands of the holiday public.

LYCEUM.—"The Master of Ravenswood," a new dramatic version of Scott's celebrated novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," is the holiday attraction at this theatre. Mr. Fechter represents the Master of Ravenswood. Mr. T. Grieve has painted some highly effective scenery. The drama is supported by Mr. G. Jordan, Mr. Hermann V. zin, Mr. S. Emery, Mr. H. Widdicombe, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Miss Charlotte Leclercq, Mrs. Ternan, and Miss Elsworth.

OLYMPIC.—There is no alteration here of the programme—the force of "Always Intended," "Henry Dubar; or, the Outcast," and the extravaganza, "Prince Camaralzaman."

STRAND.—The burlesque of "L'Africain" is now preceded by a new drama, entitled "Nellie's Trials," written by Mr. John Brougham.

SADLER'S WELLS.—"Cock-a-doodle-Do; or, Harlequin Prince Chanticleer and the Princess of the Golden Valley," is the Christmas burlesque pantomime here, from the pen of Mr. Charles Millward. The opening scene is the Haunt of the Mannikins, and Wideawake Hollow in the island of Spring. The active Mannikins are here discovered in a high state of elation, but their gambols are interrupted by the appearance of their chief Littlepet (Miss E. Nason), who angrily demands the presence of Finfin (Miss Minnie Davis), an erratic youth of rambling propensities. Finfin's early history is involved in mystery, and the secret of his birth is supposed to be known only to Littlepet, who has adopted him, and given him the safe shelter of Wideawake Hollow. Finfin arrives during the angry outbreak of his guardian, and his presence restores Littlepet to his habitual equanimity. The Mannikins are astounded to learn from Finfin that he will no longer consent to remain in seclusion. He has met and fallen in love with a charming sylph, who reciprocates his affection; moreover, he has ascertained through a mysterious channel that he is the only son of a great king, whose throne is now occupied by an usurper. Littlepet vainly endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding him obdurate, warns him, as he values his life and happiness to avoid the territory of the wicked magician, Grindapest (Mr. John House), King of the Chanticleers. In the midst of their deliberations the terrible Grindapest appears and defies Finfin to do his worst. Finfin is on the eve of setting forth upon his adventures, when the Genius of Spring (Miss Fitzwilliam) arrives and instructs Finfin to proceed on his journey towards the Golden Valley, where he will be safe from his enemies. The Genius warns him that he will encounter four great perils, but three of these will be overcome by the magic power of three enchanted roses with which she then presents him. Scene second is Cockcrow Dell, in the Forest of Bantams, in which Mrs. S. Parfit appears as King Kokolorm. The next scene introduces us into Chanticleer Castle, and Stronghold of Grindapest. The King is engaged in affairs of state, when his legatissimo son, Prince Fortywinks (Mr. H. Sidney), appears, and demands the hand of the charming Princess Rosytint (Miss Leigh), the daughter of the Queen of the Golden Valley, who has been captured by Grindapest. The unhappy Princess is dragged into the tyrant's presence, and Fortywinks is on the point of saving her, when Finfin rushes upon the scene and effuses her reasons. He is overjoyed to recognize in the Princess his own mysterious betrothed, but their expressions of delight are cut short by Grindapest, who orders Finfin to be put to death. In this, his first peril, Finfin has recourse to his magic roses, and by throwing one of them upon the ground he transfixes Grindapest and his followers to the spot, and effects his escape from the Castle with Rosytint,

accompanied by the discontented courtiers, who have recognised in him their long-lost Prince. Scene fourth brings us to the Goblin's Tryst. The next scene is the Valley of Golden Autumn and Arcadian Bower of Queen Bountiful, and in the person of the latter we recognise our old friend Littlepet in a more attractive form. Here the grand Fairy ballet takes place, and the fugitives are hospitably entertained by the good Fairies. Scene sixth is the Enchanted Glen and Impenetrable Boundary of the Golden Valley. Grindapest arrives in hot haste, having stolen a march upon the runaways. He places his followers in ambush, and glows over his anticipated triumph. Finfin and Rosytint are seen ascending the mountain pass, and on gaining the summit they are horrified to find their further progress barred by an awful gulf. Grindapest then discovers himself, and despatches Fortywinks with guards to secure the prisoners. In order to escape from this, the third peril, Finfin is compelled to part with his last rose. He flings it down the precipice, when the Genius of Autumn (Miss Norson) appears and throws a magic bridge over the yawning gulf. Finfin and Rosytint pass over in safety, and the bridge disappears. At the same moment Fortywinks and his followers reach the opposite brink, and are surprised to find that their slippery victims have again succeeded in eluding capture. In the next scene—a Wistful Prospect—it becomes painfully evident that the troubles of our hero and his lady-love are not at an end. In the midst of their recriminations the "Spirit of Christmas" arises. Finfin appeals to him for aid, when Christmas throws off his disguise, and our old friend Grindapest is disclosed. He signals to his followers, who eagerly pounce upon the captives. To all appearance it is now all up with the luckless fugitives. Grindapest is proceeding to wreak his vengeance upon them, when a brighter prospect appears in the shape of the Queen of the Golden Valley, who is the Littlepet and Queen Bountiful of the former scenes, and the mother of Princess Rosytint. The Queen relates how she had prepared these perils in order to test the confidence of Finfin. She explains that the latter is Prince Chanticleer, whose throne has been usurped by Grindapest. The scene then changes to the Flight of the Seasons and Island of Seaweeds in the Kingdom of the Golden Valley, wherein the Transformation takes place. Prince Chanticleer is changed into Harlequin (Mr. Alfred Laurence), Princess Rosytint to Columbine (Miss Extra Montgomery), Lord Kokolorm to Pantaloon (Mr. Paul Abbott), and Prince Fortywinks to Clown (Mr. R. H. Kibbes). The magnificent scenery is painted by Mr. W. A. Broadfoot; and the pantomime is produced under the special direction of Miss Marriott.

ADELPHI.—There is neither pantomime nor burlesque here. Mr. J. J. Benson still appears in "Rip Van Winkle" and Mr. J. L. Toole, fresh from his country laurels, adds the great Yankee performer with a new farce called "Behind Times."

SURREY.—"King Chess; or, Tom the Piper's Son, and See Saw, Margery Daw," announced as the work of "Three Jolly Dogs," is the first pantomime produced by Mr. Shepherd in the new magnificent theatre of which he is the lessee. Commencing with the Abode of Fun in the Realm of Fancy, we have the embodiment of Punch, Toby, and Fun, and the settlement of what is the best subject to secure the delight of the multitude. The "Deep, Deep Sea" follows, introducing one of the latest effects of the Parisian stage. Then we have Queen Coralie's Cryptogamic Home, a brilliant scene, by Mr. Gates, with a grand ballet, arranged by Mr. Oscar Byrne, presenting as *premiere danseuse* Mdlle. Ruziere, of Paris. With Simple Simon's Cottage begins the story of the pantomime proper. Dame Daw's Homestead follows, and then we have the Palace of King Chess in the Kingdom of Games, a scene of very novel construction. The Transformation Scene is the Pool of Lybelle, the Haunt of the Dragon Fly, which is a gigantic work by Mr. Gates. The opening is supported by Mr. Henry Thompson, as King Chess and Simple Simon; Miss Elizabeth Webster, as Fun; Miss Bella Goodall, as Margery Daw; and Mr. Vivian, as Mother Shipton. In the transformation we have M. D'Auban, as Harlequin; Mr. Hildebrandt, as Clown; Mr. T. W. Paulo, as Pantaloon; and Miss D'Auban, as Columbine; with a Sprite and a Policeman, by Messrs. Sylvester and Vivian. The comic scenes are arranged by Mr. Shepherd; Mr. Horman has composed the music; Messrs. Gates and Thompson painted the scenery; and Mr. W. Bradwell has devised some ingenious tricks and masks.

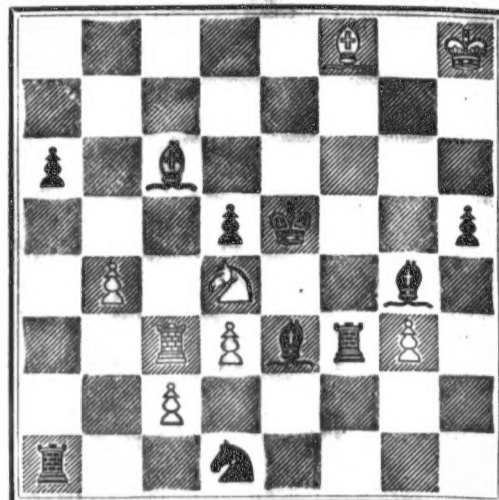
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—"Little Don Giovanni; or, Leporello and the Stone Statue," an extravaganza by Mr. H. J. Byron, founded on Mozart's celebrated opera, is the Christmas production of this theatre. The first scene presents the unscrupulous Don (Miss Marie Wilson) and his servant Leporello (Mr. J. Clarke), in the duel with Il Commendatore (Mr. Tindale), who is killed, as people suppose, and who is seen later on in the piece on horseback as the famous ghost of the opera, and is invited to the Don's supper party. The whole of the second scene is taken up with the love-making, jealousy, assignments, and equivocal incidental to burlesque. Giovanni is discovered by his wife in the midst of his shameful behaviour, the climax being achieved by the whole of the characters singing a most original version of a highly popular passage from a recent opera. The plot of the opera is followed where advisable, and departed from where comic situation is necessary; and Miss Hughes, as Donna Anna; Miss Fanny Josephs, as Masetto; and Mr. Hare, as Zerlina, are well fitted with good parts; and Messdames A. Wilton, B. Wilton, and L. Weston appear to advantage as three bewitching peasant girls. Mr. Montgomery performs a Spanish Police Inspector; and Mr. H. Collier, Orléans. The new scenery is from the brush of Mr. C. S. James; and the piece, which is produced under the author's personal supervision, bids fair to eclipse his two previous Prince of Wales's successes. The popular comedy of "Society" is continued as the first piece.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Christmas entertainments are once more under the superintendence of Mr. Nelson Lee. Signor Eithardo again went through his wonderful performance on Boxing Day. By the power of his feet alone he propels himself on a globe (constructed of wood and iron) up a spiral platform round a column fifty feet in height. The total incline is 180 feet in length, and this marvellous performance is completed by a downward journey of infinitely greater difficulty. There is no groove for the ball to run in, and no border whatever to the orchestra platform. All things of the kind are outdone by this astounding feat. The globe is thirty inches in diameter, and ninety inches in circumference, and the width of the platform twelve inches. Another of the features this season is a new pantomime sketch, entitled "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle," introducing sixty artists, the part of Clown by the renowned J. H. Stead; Pantaloon, Mr. Buck, of old Surrey notoriety; Harlequin, Mr. John Warde; Columbine, Miss Emma Ward; and Sprites, by the great Edouard Family. Mr. W. Randall inaugurates the revel in an introductory sketch, expressly written by Nelson Lee the younger. Among the other celebrities were Mr. Hulme and Sons, the admired clown and grotesques; Herr Preakow, the Danish gymnast; Signor Byron; Messrs. Durlah and Davis, in their new burlesque. A new and elegant stage has been erected in the centre transept, with new scenery by E. B. Herbert and assistants. The whole of the properties, masks, &c., have been made at the manufactory of pantomime, the City of London Theatre. To enumerate the whole of the amusements here for the crowds of holiday folk attending on Boxing Day is quite out of the question. Such a revelry as Tuesday last has seldom been witnessed here.

THE PANTOMIMES.—As we cannot possibly notice the whole of the pantomimes this week, we shall, in our next, give the plots of those omitted in our present issue.

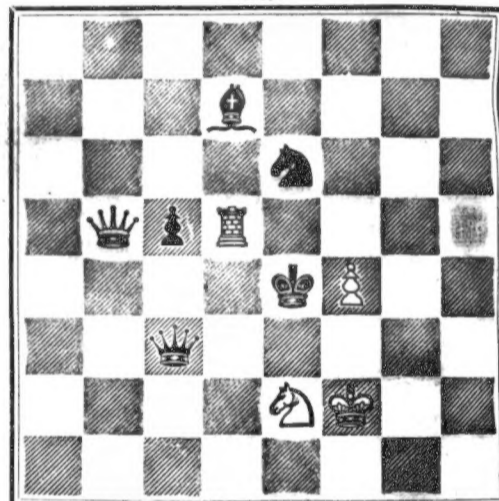
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 320.—By T. SMITH, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.
[Forwarded by Mr. Bainger.]

PROBLEM No. 321.—By F. BIGGS, Esq. (for Beginners).
Black.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 315.**
- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R to K B 3 | 1. K takes P |
| 2. R to K Kt 3 | 2. K to K 5 |
| 3. K to K 6 | 3. P moves |
| 4. P mates | |
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 316.**
- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B to K R 3 | 1. P to K Kt 4 |
| 2. B to Kt 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to K R 3 | 3. P to K B 6 |
| 4. P to K Kt 4 | 4. P to K B 7 |
| 5. B mates | |
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 317.**
- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P to K 3 | 1. K moves |
| 2. Kt mates | |

J. DYSON.—We do not see how mate can be given in four moves, if Black play 2. Kt to Q Kt 6, as Black threatens a check next move.

C. W. (Surrey).—We desire to thank you for the batch of Problems with which you have favoured us. They shall appear in due course. We heartily reciprocate your good wishes.

W. W.—Apply to the Secretary, F. G. Bainger, Esq., Norwich. J. W. Withers will be happy to play a game of Chess with any player of moderate strength. He will concede the first move to his adversary, if he agree to play the Evans Gambit.

THE AGRICULTURAL HALL HIPPODROME.

Mr. John Henderson, in anticipation of the great gatherings here during the week, provided seats for 20,000 persons. The great tournament illustrating the meeting of Henry the Eighth of England and Francis the First of France, in 1520, and called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," is the great feature of the entertainment. 100 horses, 250 suits of armour, and 500 performers may be seen in this great spectacle.

Mr. Henderson is the writer and arranger of this "brave show," and the immense building has been fitted up as a baronial hall, from the designs of M. Tixier, of Paris. The hippodrome sports comprise interludes of every description. Roman chariot racing, flat, and hurdle ditto, vaulting, gymnastics, and steeplechasing, are also included in the programme.

Morning performances have taken place during the week. In our next we shall further notice the amusements here.

DR BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revivax Arabica, yields thirty times the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times the cost in other remedies. 50,000 are annually cured. Dr Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London W. In tins of 1 lb. 14d., 1 lb. 2s. 9d., 12 lbs. 22s. 2d. At all grocers. [Adver. terms 1d.]

A COUGH, COLD OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, often incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH of the Throat, they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 14d. per box. [Adver. terms 1d.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

THE HOUSELESS POOR.—A miserable-looking creature, named James Beesley, who used a crutch, and was stated to have one of his legs in such a state as to prevent him from walking, was brought before the Lord Mayor under the following circumstances:—It appeared that a City constable found the defendant in the streets, and he said he had no home, and was completely destitute, and unable to walk. He was put into a truck, and conveyed to the houseless poor ward of the East London Union in Bishopsgate-street, and an attempt was made to get him admitted. The door, however, was not opened, but some one called out from one of the windows that the place was full, and no more could be admitted. The constable inquired where he was to take the man, and the answer was that he might take him where he liked. Something, it appeared, was then said about taking him to the workhouse, but this could not be done without obtaining an order from the relieving officer, and the constable did not know where this official was to be found, and in the result the poor creature was taken to the police-station. The Lord Mayor observed that in an urgent case a man might die while all this red-tape of sending about from one official to another was being carried on, and he directed that an order should be given for the man's admission to the hospital, and that he should be at once conveyed there in a cab.

DESTITUTION AND DESPERATION.—Four young men, all of whom were dressed in either workhouse or gait costume, one giving the name of Smith, and the others different ones, all of which are believed to be fictitious, were charged with the following daring outrage:—It appeared that about one o'clock in the day on Saturday the prisoners walked up to the window of Mr. Bennett, the watchmaker in Obeapide, and two of them deliberately dashed their elbows through a square of plate glass, and they then made a snatch at the chains and watches that were hanging in the window, and succeeded in removing a great many of them. The whole of the prisoners seemed to have been seized immediately by the bystanders, and upon one of the shopmen rushing into the street he found all of them in custody, and he took from Smith a handful of gold watches and chains, and several other articles were given to him by the persons about, who had taken them from the other prisoners, or picked them up from where the prisoners had thrown them. When the prisoners were taken they said that their object was to be sent to prison, and it appeared that they had only come out of Coldbath Fields Prison on the previous day. The prisoners, who did not say anything in their defence, were remanded.

CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.—A well-dressed man named Elia Ferri, a native of Italy, in business as a corn, commission, and shipping agent in Great Tower-street, was placed at the bar before Mr. Alderman Finnis, who sat for the Lord Mayor, upon the charge of wounding a German gentleman named James Dawson, with intent to murder him. The case was represented as one of a very serious character, and it was stated that the prosecutor's injuries were of such a character as to prevent him from being in attendance. George Pagden, one of the porters at Gresham House, Bishopsgate-street, who was the first witness examined, deposed that on Saturday morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, the prisoner passed him and went into the building, and very soon afterwards he heard an outcry in one of the corridors, and upon proceeding to the spot he saw the prosecutor on the ground, and the prisoner was standing over him and in the act of stabbing at him with some weapon, and he did so several times before witness got up to him. When he did so the prisoner came towards him, and he saw something drop from him, which afterwards turned out to be two daggers or stilettos, and he made use of the expression, "He has assassinated my six children." A policeman shortly afterwards came up, and the prisoner was taken into custody. The witness added that the occurrence took place close to an office that was occupied by the prosecutor in the same corridor. Alderman Finnis inquired if any one was present who could give the court any information upon the subject of the transaction. Mr. Nisbet, a gentleman who said he was acquainted with both parties, stepped forward, and said that he knew the prisoner and the prosecutor. They were both connected with the corn trade, and were publishers of a journal devoted to that trade, and the prisoner entertained great jealousy towards the prosecutor, and this had no doubt led him to commit the act. Alderman Finnis observed that he could not enter into those particulars, but he should be glad to be informed of the condition of the prosecutor, and any other matters that were relevant to the inquiry. Mr. Nisbet then stated that he had seen the prosecutor a short time before he came to the court at his own counting-house, and he informed him that he had been wounded by the prisoner in the abdomen, and he said that he believed he had stabbed him twenty times. The prosecutor told him, however, that he did not believe that any of the wounds were of a serious nature. The prisoner then commenced a rambling statement relating to his connexion with the prosecutor, but he was stopped by Alderman Finnis, who said that he would have ample opportunity for making his defence; but if he would take his advice, as the case must necessarily be further inquired into, it would be more prudent for him to abstain from making any statement until he had conferred with his friends or some legal adviser. The prisoner then desisted, and he was ordered to be remanded for a week. Shortly afterwards Mr. G. Lewis, of Ely-place, who had been instructed to prosecute, attended, accompanied by a medical gentleman, and he informed the alderman that there was reason to believe at present that the injuries that had been inflicted upon the prosecutor were not of a dangerous character.

GUILDHALL.

ADULTERY AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A young woman, aged 24, named Rebecca Hadder, was brought before Mr. Alderman William Lawrence, charged with attempting to commit suicide, by Police-constable Robert Deismore, who said: Last night I was on duty, about ten minutes past eleven o'clock, when I was called to No. 12, New Union-street, Little Moorfields, where the prisoner lived with her husband, who is a constable in the City police, and was on night duty. I saw the prisoner and her husband in the street, and he was running after her. She was then given into my custody on a charge of attempting to do her throat. She had not injured herself, her husband having prevented her. Prisoner: I did not intend to destroy myself. I did not intend to hurt myself. The husband explained that, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wife, he obtained leave from the inspector to go home, and on his arrival he saw that which fully satisfied his mind of the unfaithfulness of his wife, who was carrying on an illicit connection with a German tailor, who lived in the same house. This man had since admitted everything, and it was on the discovery taking place that the prisoner attempted to do her throat. The husband was not allowed to give evidence against his wife, such being contrary to law; but, in answer to the magistrate, he said that he had been married four years and had one child, and his wife was just of that temper that if she were allowed to go at large he had no doubt but that she would commit suicide. Spilgato (the gofer): She has been in such an excited state that I have been obliged to be with her, or keep her in a cell with other prisoners in order to prevent her injuring herself. Catherine Benoit: I saw the prisoner take a knife out of the table drawer, and place it to her throat. It was taken out of her hands by her husband. I have not known her to quarrel with her husband before. Alderman Lawrence (to the husband): If I discharge the prisoner will you take her back again? The husband: Most

certainly not, sir. She must go to her friends in Cambridgeshire, who are highly respectable. She has no friends in London. Prisoner (trying and excited): I could go to Mr. Ash. The husband: Mr. Ash is like me, and will not have anything to do with you. The prisoner: Perhaps Mrs. Bennett (the landlady) will take me until I can communicate with my friends. The husband: No you can never come back into the house where I reside. Mr. Alderman Lawrence remanded the prisoner, in order that her friends might be communicated with.

WORSHIP STREET.

A CURIOUS STORY.—George Wolfe and Charles Johnson, the former a dealer in clothes, and the other without any occupation, were charged with being concerned in stealing from the person John Clerk, an aged fellowshop porter, deposed that on the previous morning, while passing along Philipot-lane, in the City, the prisoner Wolfe pretended to slip from the kerb, and in doing so slightly pushed him. His apologies were abundant, and he remarked, "I have evidently startled you, if not in some way occasioned injury; pray take a little something, and fortunately there is a public-house opposite." The request was so urgent that it met compliance, and although two pennyworth of rum, and not more, was desired, the "gentleman" called for six pennyworth hot and with sugar. The conversation was of a desultory character, and in the course of it the glass was refilled. After a short stay he (the prosecutor) left, and in doing so felt giddy and stupid. He remembered nothing more distinctly until the afternoon, when, while passing along Church-street, Shoreditch, he saw both prisoners, one on each side of him, and having hold of his arms. Wolfe he had left at the public-house in the City, and Johnson he did not recollect having seen before. Suddenly he was forced to the ground, and received an injury on the face. When raised he discovered that two sovereigns had been stolen from his pocket. Mr. Henry Parsons, a grocer in Church-street, stated that about three o'clock, while reading "Forward's Trial," his wife called him from the parlour, and directed his attention to the prisoners and the old man. The prisoners walked hastily away, and the left hand pocket of the old man's trousers was turned inside out. Witness followed the men into Whitechapel, where, whilst lounging against the railings of the London Hospital, a police-constable was informed what had occurred. On seeing him cross the road they moved off, but when stopped and accused by witness of the robbery, Wolfe held out his hand, in which were two sovereigns, and said that having seen them on the pavement when the old man fell, he picked them up, as he might as well have them as the boys who surrounded him. Both prisoners, on whom sham half-sovereigns were found, stand remanded.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY, AND VIOLENCE AND ASSAULT ON A POLICEMAN.—Henry Glover, described as a labourer, aged 23 years, of No. 4, Richard-street, Limehouse, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with committing a highway robbery with violence, assaulting a police-constable, and stealing his truncheon, valued at 5s. James Abbott, police-constable No. 323 K, said the prisoner was a notorious thief, and known to the police as the "ghost," from his thin visage. On the 28th of November last, at half-past one o'clock in the morning, he received information from a man named James Brafield that he had been robbed and ill-used in Fore-street, Limehouse, by a man named Jackson, the prisoner, and another man. The robbery was attended with great violence. A few nights afterwards he apprehended Jackson, and was conveying him to wards the station-house, when the prisoner came out of a yard in Bridge-road, Mile-end, armed with two large conch shells, one in each hand, and asked Jackson, "What has he got you for?" to which Jackson said, "I don't know." The prisoner said, "You are not going with him, are you?" Jackson said, "It's not likely; I've done nothing." The prisoner then attempted to strike him with the shells. He took his truncheon from its case, and threatened to strike the prisoner if he did not put down the shells. The prisoner said he would smash him up, and threw the shells at him. One struck him on the back, and hurt him very much. The other missed him. Jackson then snatched the truncheon from him, and handed it to Glover, who ran away with it. Remanded.

SOUTHWARK.

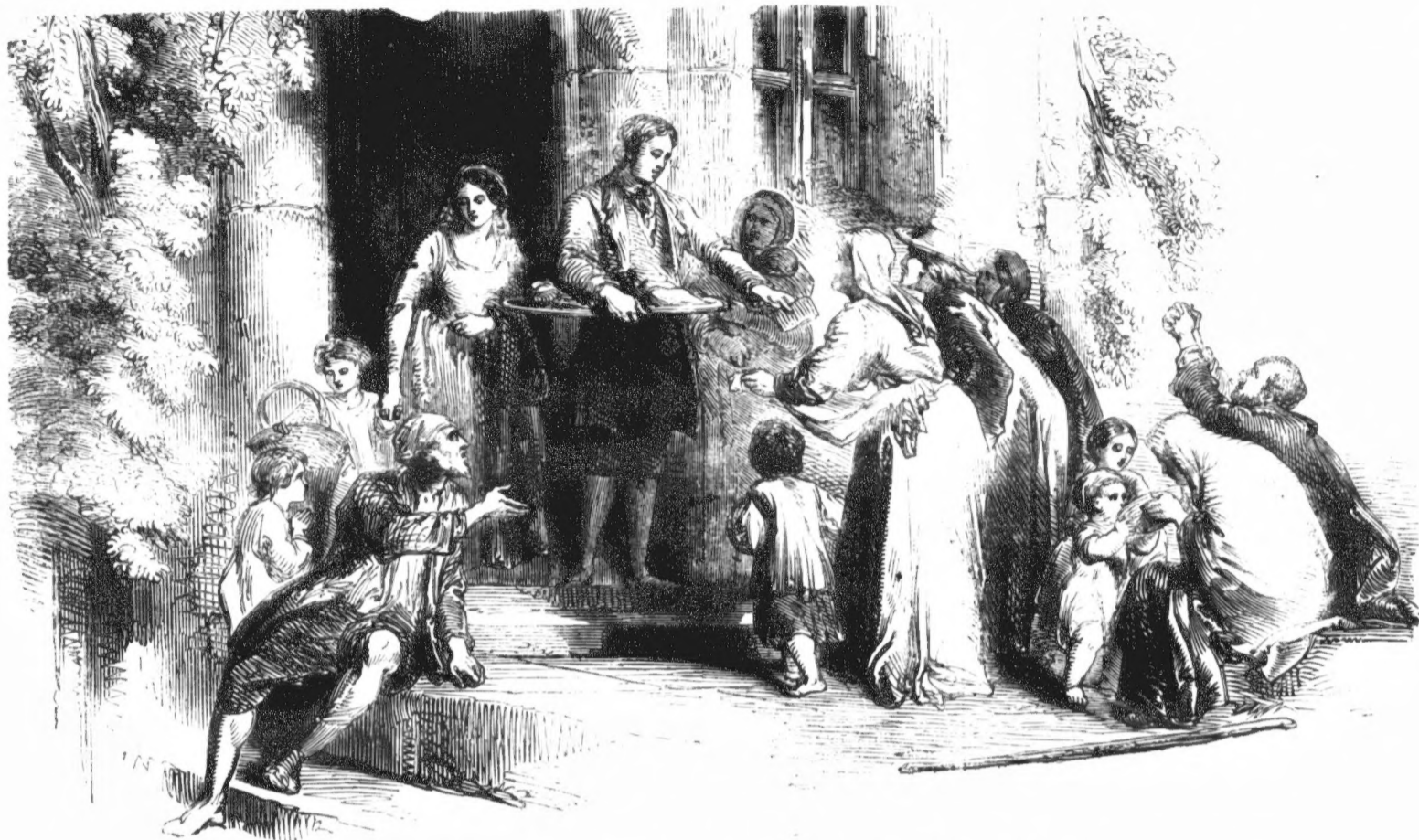
THRASHING A BAILIFF.—Ellen Morley, a young Irish woman, with a sickly-looking infant in her arms, was brought up on a warrant, charged with committing a ferocious assault upon Mr. William Major, one of the bailiffs of the Southwark County Court, and causing the rescue of her husband from his custody on an execution warrant issued by O. B. Whitmore, the judge of that court. Mr. Major said that on the previous Thursday afternoon he proceeded with a warrant to Adam's-place, Borough, against the defendant's husband for a debt amounting to 8l due to a person named Florence. He had other officers with him, and saw the defendant sitting at work as a tailor near the front window. He entered the house, and having explained to him the nature of his errand, told him he must go with him unless he could pay at once the debt. Morley said, "Let me go up-stairs and fetch my coat." Witness told him he could not allow that, as his wife would fetch it. He then said, "Let me go into the yard." Perceiving a number of spiteful-looking women enter the house he refused him, and took hold of him to remove him. At that time he received a blow on the head with an earthenware teapot, which knocked his hat off, and Morley said he should not take him, he would have his life first. The prisoner then came behind him, and exclaiming, "Let my husband go," struck him on the back of the head with a large pickle-jar, breaking it and stunning him for the moment, so that he was compelled to let Morley go, and he escaped. The other women were armed with shovels and fire-irons, and attacked him like a set of witches. The defendant here said she was washing the child when the officers came in, and she merely asked them not to take him away until he had put a collar on a coat he was finishing. Mr. Major was recalled, and he strenuously denied that assertion. She flew at him like a tigress, and he thought they would have murdered him. Mr. Thomas Whitroe, another officer of the Southwark County Court, corroborated his testimony. He said when he went to Mr. Major's assistance the women in the house attacked him with fire-irons, and others threw crockery-ware at him. Mr. Woolrych, after hearing other corroborative testimony, said he was satisfied that the defendant had made a brutal attack on the officer while in the proper execution of his duty. They must be protected from such brutal violence, and he was determined, if possible, to put a stop to such lawless acts by fining her in the sum of £3, and in default of sufficient distress, six weeks' imprisonment.

"MR. TWIN BROTHERS."—On Saturday, Samuel Brown, alias Thomas Crooker, a respectable-looking young man, was brought before Mr. Maude by Sergeant M'Leod, a division, charged with obtaining five gold hunting watches, value about £100 each, from Messrs. Couteaux and Co., of Bunhill-row, Finsbury, and seven diamond rings, worth upwards of £200 from Messrs. Stead and Fryer, St. John-street-road, by means of forged orders. Sergeant M'Leod said that about eleven o'clock on Saturday forenoon he was called into the ship of Mr. Attenborough, pawnbroker, Newington-causeway, where he saw the prisoner, and the manager pointed him out as having just offered to pledge the diamond ring produced, and that he suspected all was not right. Witness asked the prisoner from whence he got it, when he replied that he received it from his brother, who was to meet him a short distance off to receive the proceeds. Witness asked his brother's name and address. He said, "Wilson, 4, Anne's-terrace, Clapham-road," which witness ascertained to be false. He took him to the station-house and

having searched him, found four gold hunting watches (produced), four diamond rings (produced), a duplicate of a diamond ring (produced), a dressing-case, and three forged orders in envelopes, addressed to various manufacturing jewellers, purporting to come from Messrs. M'Osbe and Co., Cornhill. The prisoner told him he knew nothing about them; they belonged to his brother Prisoner: That's true. I said my twin brother, who is exactly like me. Mr. George Edward Thorpe, of the firm of Couteaux and Co., watch manufacturers, Bunhill-row, Finsbury, said that he had the sole superintendence of the manufacturing department, and he identified the four gold watches produced by Sergeant M'Leod. They had all the recent improvements with compensating balances &c., and were the property of their firm. Mr. Maude asked him when he last saw them on their premises? Mr. Thorpe replied that about half-past six on the previous Friday evening the prisoner brought an order purporting to come from M'Osbe and Co., goldsmiths and jewellers, Cornhill, requesting them to forward an assortment of the first quality of gold hunting watches for inspection. Witness, believing the order to be genuine, selected five of the most valuable watches they had of the sort and handed them to the prisoner. These watches were the four produced and another. The prisoner here, in a whining tone, said he was sorry to be placed in such a disgraceful and perilous position for another party. He never saw Mr. Thorpe before in his life, never handed him the order to receive the watches from him. It must have been his twin brother, as he gave him (prisoner) the four watches only. Mr. Maude asked Mr. Thorpe to look at the prisoner, and say whether he was or was not the party in question. Mr. Thorpe, after looking at him carefully, replied that he was almost sure he was the party. He wore the same dress he had on then. If it was his twin brother they must be like the two Dromios (Great laugh.) Mr. Robert John M'Osbe, of the firm of M'Osbe and Co., goldsmiths and jewellers, Cornhill, said that the order produced by Mr. Thorpe was not in the handwriting of any of the firm, neither had they authorised any such order on Messrs. Couteaux and Co. Mr. Maude asked if he knew the prisoner. Mr. M'Osbe replied in the affirmative. He was in their employ about two or three years as an under porter, and knew the different manufacturing firms they dealt with. The prisoner here assured Mr. M'Osbe that he was wrong. He never was in his employ in his life. It was his "twin brother." (Laughter.) Mr. M'Osbe, on being recalled, said he was almost sure it was the prisoner. He then went by the name of Thomas Croker. Mr. William James Fryer, of the firm of Stead and Fryer, manufacturing goldsmiths, 4, Owon's-road, St. John-street-road, identified the five rings produced as their property. The prisoner called at their place of business, and produced an order purporting to come from Messrs. M'Osbe and Co., Cornhill, for an assortment of mourning diamond rings. Witness selected seven, and handed them to the prisoner, believing the order to be a genuine one. Mr. Maude asked if he was sure the prisoner was the party? He replied that he had not the slightest doubt of it. In fact, he was quite positive that he was the person. The prisoner assured him he was wrong. It was his twin brother. Charles Boulton, assistant to Mr. Attenborough, pawnbroker, Newington-causeway, said that about nine o'clock on Saturday morning a person resembling the prisoner in every particular entered their shop and produced a gold hunting watch to pledge. He said it was his own property, and believing it to be so a sum of £12 was advanced on it, and he left the shop. Just prior to his doing so, however, a short man came in, apparently intoxicated, and asked the pledger to stand treat, and they left about the same time. About eleven o'clock the veritable prisoner came into the shop and offered to pledge a mourning diamond ring. Witness looked at him, and said, "Why, you are the man who pledged a valuable gold hunting watch about two hours ago." He replied, "Oh no, you are mistaken; I never was in your shop in my life." Witness was so satisfied that he was the same party that he detained him, and sent for a constable at once. Mr. Maude asked what name the party gave who pledged the watch? Witness replied: Edward Crockeringham. Sergeant M'Leod here said that was all the evidence he had at present to bring forward, but he required a remand, as he found on prisoner documents and pawnbrokers' duplicates relating to other valuable property, which might have been obtained in a similar way. The three orders found on the prisoner were addressed to Messrs. Buller and Co., Muller Brothers, and Messrs. Villiers and Co. They were written by the same person, and signed M'Osbe and Co. Mr. M'Osbe informed his worship that they dealt with those firms. Mr. Thorpe was recalled, and said that the watch produced by the pawnbroker was one of those he had handed to the prisoner. The latter here assured his worship that he was not the party. It was his twin brother, and they were so much alike that no one could distinguish them apart. As for the orders produced by the officer his brother left them on the table when he left home that morning, and he (prisoner) put them in his pocket with the other papers. In fact, he did not know what they were as he never looked at them. All the things, except the dressing-case, were given to him by his twin brother, and that he bought that morning in the Walworth-road for a customer of the name of Durrell. Mr. Maude told him he had spoken so much about his twin brother, perhaps he could inform the court where he was, as it would be beneficial to him (prisoner) to be produced. The prisoner said he did not know exactly where he was. Sergeant M'Leod informed his worship that the prisoner told him he was gone to Folkestone. The prisoner said most likely that was the case, but he did not know for certain. Mr. Maude observed that the case before him was one of a very serious nature; therefore, to give the officer an opportunity of making the necessary inquiries, he should remand the prisoner.

WANDSWORTH.

ARE CHILDREN BOUND TO SUPPORT THEIR PARENTS?—Three respectably-dressed young men, named George, Charles, and Ambrose Sutton, brothers, appeared before Mr. Ingham, at the instance of Mr. Herring, the relieving-officer for the parish of Clapham, to show cause why they should not contribute towards the support of their mother, Charlotte Sutton, a poor person not able to maintain herself. A fourth brother was summoned, but he did not appear. The defendants pleaded inability to support their mother. Mr. Herring proved that the mother was chargeable to the parish of Clapham, at a cost of 4s. 6d. per week. He said that the defendant Charles was a greengrocer in Upper Tooting. The defendant (interrupting) said he was only a costermonger. Mr. Herring said the defendant kept a shop and two horses and carts. The defendant replied that he had only one cart and an old "hack." (A laugh.) Mr. Ingham: Then call yourself a costermonger. Mr. Herring further said that Ambrose was a police-constable attached to the G division, and George was a keeper at a lunatic asylum at Stoke Newington. The mother, who was fifty-nine years of age, said she was suffering from paralysis, and was unable to work. Two of her sons had given her small sums; but Ambrose would not see her, and said he did not know her. Ambrose questioned his mother, who said that after her husband's death, six or seven years ago, she was set up in Wimbledon with a laundry, and placed in a comfortable position. She had five boys to bring up, but they would not assist her. Work fell off, and she lost her business. She admitted that she had a child by a man whom she summoned at that court, but it was dismissed. Mr. Ingham said there was no doubt the mother could not work for herself, and the question was whether the defendants ought to assist her or not. Somebody must maintain her, and the question was whether her own children should or strangers. Ambrose said he was a married man, and could not support his mother. His wages were 21s. 6d. a week. Mr. Ingham then made an order upon Charles to pay 3s. a week, and the other two 1s. each weekly. The defendants left the court apparently dissatisfied with the decision.



SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—DISTRIBUTING CHRISTMAS ALMS. (See page 462.)

Literature.

THE FOUNDLING.
CHAPTER I.

THE FOUNDLING.

It was a pitiless night in the winter of 18—, which was one of the most severe experienced in New York for many years. Snow had fallen during the day, and at night the storm was very much increased. The streets, already blocked with the drift, were rendered almost impassable to both vehicles and pedestrians, and, except in the leading thoroughfares, scarcely a person was to be seen in them. The dense snow was borne in blinding clouds from side to side and round the corners by a fierce wind, which added its shrieks to the horrors of the night. Streets, housetops, trees, fences were all enveloped in white robes of snow; while above, the clouds were of intense blackness. The wind lashed itself against the houses, rattling the windows and whirling the snow through every crevice. In the midst of this terrible storm a solitary woman was making her way up Fifth-avenue. The street was otherwise entirely deserted by pedestrians. Even the policemen on duty were obliged to take refuge in the doorways and under sheds, so cutting and overwhelming was the blast. The woman struggled forward, however; but almost every moment she was turned round by the wind, and sometimes quite lost her breath.

"God support me!" she gasped, pressing on. Her attire was of the humblest character, and her whole appearance well denoted her extreme poverty. An old patched cloak hung from her shoulders, and from her actions it was to be seen that she sought to shelter something beneath it. Her hood and cloak were covered with snow, and as she pressed straight ahead she was often almost buried in the drifts. The wind pierced through her thin garments to the very bone; and had it not been for her violent exertions in getting along, she would have frozen from the benumbing cold.

"Oh, on!" she murmured; "I must and will reach the place!" Seemingly roused and additionally strengthened by her irrevocable resolution, she hastened forward with even a more determined step. She turned her shoulder and the side of her head to the storm, and running where there was no drift, bravely plunged into and through the obstruction.

At the same hour, let us enter a mansion on the same avenue. It is the palatial residence of a retired merchant. The house is large, magnificent in every particular, and yet is the abode of only two old people. They never have been blessed with children, and have lived a dull and monotonous life in their elegant mansion. On this tempestuous night, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury were seated in a splendidly-furnished apartment, surrounded with books, magazines, and newspapers, and with which they were enjoying themselves. The walls of the house were thick, and there were sashes, blinds, and curtains to keep out any exterior noise; but notwithstanding all, the driving storm without could be plainly heard.

"New York has not had such a storm as this for many a winter," remarked Mr. John Bradbury, stopping in his reading as the walls of the wind reached his ear.

"God pity the poor and the sailors!" returned the wife, looking up from the religious journal with which she was engaged.

Just at this moment the deep-toned bell which connected with the front door sounded several times, loudly.

"Dear me!" cries Mrs. Bradbury. "Who can be ringing such a night as this?"

"It is now ten o'clock," said Mr. Bradbury, referring to his watch. "Some neighbour must be sick."

A servant soon came in with a basket, showing in her face unusual astonishment.

"Who rang at the door?" asked both the old people in a breath.

"Couldn't find anybody," replied the woman, "but this here basket was hung to the door-knob."

"What's in it?" demanded Mr. Bradbury, peering over his spectacles.

"A baby, sir," returned the woman, putting the basket on one of the chairs.

"A baby!" fairly screamed Mrs. Bradbury, starting to her feet.

"A baby! Impossible!" was the confident ejaculation of Mr. Bradbury.

By this time Mrs. Bradbury had removed a blanket which covered the basket, and lo! there was a fine, plump, sleeping infant.

"What a sweet little thing!" said the servant woman.

"Who has dared to bring a child, in this way, to my door?" said Mr. Bradbury.

"Why, here is a note!" cried Mrs. Bradbury, for the first time observing a paper pinned to the child's dress. "John, read it."

Mr. Bradbury took the paper, and read as follows:—

"This female child was born in holy wedlock, but to a wretched lot. You are rich and childless. Will you not shelter and adopt this forlorn little one? Remember, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"A VIRTUOUS BUT DESERTED MOTHER."

There was an almost painful stillness in the apartment when Mr. Bradbury ceased reading. The language of the note had visibly affected all parties, and the serene face of the sleeping outcast had an effect equally touching. The child had been well wrapped in the blanket, and did not seem to have suffered at all from the cold. At all events, its cheeks were rosy, and, as it slumbered, a smile lingered about its mouth, as if it were in a pleasant dream. Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury and the servant woman all looked at the child, each of them being more or less moved.

"It is a little angel!" cried the servant, falling on her knees before the basket and bending over the sleeper.

"Well, Mary Bradbury?" said Mr. Bradbury, looking at his wife, though he could scarcely see her for the tears which were blinding him.

"Well, John Bradbury?" said the wife, even more affected than the other; "you are a kind man and a Christian, and you ought to know your duty."

"Let us adopt this little innocent, Mary."

"Oh, John! how can I thank you? Heaven will surely bless you for this act of Christian charity. We have enough and to spare; and to what more noble purpose could we devote that which God has given us than to rear and educate this little winter-night wayfarer?"

Thus the child which so short a time before had been borne by its hapless mother through the howling storm, was received a member of a princely home. The prayer of its mother had certainly been heard, and from this hour a new and noble future dawned upon the babe. Great and heroic had been her struggle in parting with it, but a few more pangs for her poor, chastened heart were not to be considered in determining her duty to her unfortunate offspring. So, she went forth on her errand in the midst of the tempest and the night. Blinded with the snow, half-frozen, and ready to fall with exhaustion and sorrow, she mounted the snow-covered steps of the lordly mansion, and with trembling hands fastened the basket to the door-knob. Then came the last act of affection and the terrible parting so long dreaded. The wind screamed its loudest, the pitchy blackness of night hung about her like a pall, as the disconsolate woman bent down to kiss her infant, a long and perhaps everlasting farewell. She guarded it well from the rude wind, and the falling snow; she pressed her lips to its mouth, its cheeks, and its forehead, and then gave an agonizing groan, and said—

"My babe, farewell!"

Hastily, but skillfully, she tucked the blanket about it. Then, as her scalding tears mingled with the snowflakes, she fled down the steps and became lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.
THE HEIRESS.

WE pass over the long period of eighteen years. John Bradbury and his wife were now quite old people. They still lived in their magnificent mansion, but it was quite a different establishment than in the former time. During those years the child adopted by them had grown into a splendid woman; and now, as the heiress to the millions of the old couple, she was one of the most fashionable and attractive belles of New York Society. She had been baptized by the name of Gertrude Bradbury; and, in the passage of so many years, the fact of her being an adopted daughter was quite forgotten and to herself was unknown. She never knew other parents than Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, and she loved them with a devotion which they fully reciprocated. Indeed, as age crept upon

them, and they saw the beautiful, accomplished girl who made glad some their home, it was no exaggeration to say that they little less than idolized her. All their large possessions were declared to be for her inheritance. They never thought for a moment that not one drop of their own blood was in her veins. She had shown herself worthy of their love in all respects, and the ties between them were as close and enduring as those of nature. The presence of an infant in the house had changed much of its old-fashioned routine; but when the school-days were over and Gertrude began her reign as a social queen, then the habitation became noted for the gay and cultivated throngs who were drawn to it.

Eighteen years had passed, and no human being had ever made a single inquiry about Gertrude on the score of relationship. Nothing had ever been discovered more than on the night of her first coming. For a considerable period this matter caused Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury much uneasiness, fearing that the child might be taken from them; but after a time, all apprehension was dissipated.

Gertrude was truly a happy woman. In her sky there was not one cloud. Rich, beautiful, accomplished, and beloved, it seemed that a kind fate had, in one case at least, filled her cup of human bliss to overflowing. She had no enemies; for such was her nobleness of character and sweetness of disposition that even her female rivals could not refrain from respecting and loving her. She fascinated both sexes alike; and consequently her virtues and beauty were the theme of every lip. In person, while she was not tall, yet her height was sufficient to give her great dignity and grace of bearing. Her head was classic in every feature, with large luminous blue eyes and silky brown curls. While her face was strikingly perfect in its physical beauty, it had the highest intellectual characteristics. She made no vain show of her natural and acquired talents, but there was not her equal in all New York female society for brilliancy of mind. The butterflies of fashion of either sex, of course, were about her; but the most intelligent men and women of the day crowded her receptions. Her youth and beauty, united with such mental capabilities, made her little less than a marvel. She had written a number of poems. These Mr. Bradbury had collected in an elegant volume with steel engravings, and produced on her last birthday, and they were now to be found in all the fashionable saloons of the city.

As might have been expected, Gertrude fell in love; but to the surprise of everybody it was with a person much older than herself. A talented, travelled American, by the name of Eugene Lyon, was presented at one of her receptions, and it was not long before he became a frequent and favoured guest at the house. Eugene Lyon was a singular man. Tall, erect, with a large, noble-looking head, and altogether *distingue* in his appearance, he was a man who never passed unnoticed. He had an ample fortune, had travelled throughout Europe, up the Nile, and to the Holy Land. He boasted that he had no country, that he was a cosmopolite; and his mind was not only stored with the rare acquisitions of study, but he had the varied experience of a true man of the world. Nothing had escaped him; among every nation and tribe he had been an attentive observer, and his conversation was enriched with graphic reminiscences of his adventurous wanderings. His position in New York was such that he had the *entree* of the best society, at the same time that common report charged him with being considerable of a *rene*. He was a man of the most elegant manners, in the prime of life, and of a gay and social disposition.

This was the man that fascinated the beautiful and wealthy Gertrude. Old enough to be her father, still he inspired in her young virgin heart its first passion. Before she was really aware of it, Eugene Lyon utterly possessed her thoughts and had conquered her heart; she sighed for his coming; she felt the extreme of happiness in his presence; his soft, gallant words were as music to her ears; and in a word she loved him with all the ardour of her guileless soul.

Lyon was a man of too much experience with the female sex not to discern his true standing with Gertrude. At first he did not love her; but as he associated with her more intimately, he was interested in her powers of mind, and won at once by her beauty and virtues. He had loved in every clime; he had been as faithless as a man thoughtless of everything save his own pleasure is apt to be; but in the rays of this sweet girl's pure and sincere affection he seemed to awake to a new conviction. He resolved to make known his feelings, and was not long in finding the opportunity. His declaration of love met with the fullest avowal on the part of Gertrude of her own kindred sentiments.

"I will not hide anything from you," she said, in her artless way; "I do love you, and have long done so."
 "And I will be as frank with you," returned Lyon. "I will speak of things which I had almost sworn should be for ever dead. Listen to the story of my life."

Gertrude gazed into his face with her full, eloquent eyes, and her tiny hand, with her jewelled fingers, rested within that of her lover. His eyes swept over her angelic face and magnificent form, and with the inward conviction that he had never seen one more lovely, he began:—

"I was born in this city to fortune, and all else that wealth and position could give. But I was led away by temptation, and my youth was as wayward as my later career has been rash and erratic. I married beneath me, and brought down upon my head the maledictions of my aristocratic family. They absolutely tore me from my wife, and placed me on board a vessel for England. I was under age, entirely dependent on my father; and such was their power and the means of executing it, that I had to yield. I travelled about, and after some time there came a letter saying that the girl I had married was dead. After that I led a still more wandering life, and one in which, I grieve to say, there is little worthy to recall, except its adventures and sight-seeings. I do not believe that my heart is naturally depraved. I believe that I can admire honourable principle and high-minded virtues as much as any man; but wealth and dissipation had led me astray early in the path of life, and I had no particular inducement to change my course. But the dawn of a brighter day is at hand. For your sake, dear Gertrude, and guided by your noble example, I shall be a better and a wiser man."

"Thank Heaven for your promise," continued Lyon, with no little feeling. "Your love, like a light from on high, illuminates the gloomy soul. The fetters of temptation, the force of evil habits, the allurements of fashionable vice, are as nothing when a woman, virtuous and beloved, draws you within the sphere of her heaven-born influence. I feel rebuked in your presence for all the thoughtless, reckless, sinful past, and I take the first step in the same consecrated path in which you and the angels tread."

She believed him. He spoke with emotion, and with a fascinating eloquence of utterance and gesture. His lips pressed her forehead with a warm kiss. Thus they parted, happy and hopeful.

CHAPTER III.

THE DENOUEMENT.

In the City Hospital of New York a woman lay dying. She had been taken ill on board a North River steamboat, and sent by the captain to the hospital. She stated that she had journeyed from Minnesota with the hope of seeing a daughter from whom she had been separated for many years. Having been sick by the way, her little stock of money had given out, and she had been obliged to travel part of the way on foot. On board of the steamboat she had to give up entirely; and, fortunately, the captain being a kind-hearted man, was provided for at the hospital. As the reader may have already surmised, this poor sick woman was the mother of our heroine, Gertrude. Not long after the inclement night when she left her child at the Fifth-avenue mansion, she took her departure from New York for the West. She felt that she could not remain contented in the same city with her child, and for its sake and her own determined to fly as far as she possibly could from it. Going among friends in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, she toiled as a seamstress. Her health was bad, however, and about half the time she was sick. As years passed on, she had an irresistible yearning to behold her daughter, and her struggle was to obtain sufficient money to make the journey. After long and patient savings she had nearly accumulated enough, when her board was stolen from her. Years again passed; and at length, with a very deficient purse, she resolved to set out. Her journey was a prolonged and painful one, terminating, as has been seen, in her reaching New York sick and penniless.

Death was hovering over the couch of the sick woman. The physician stood there, for with the hastening moments the current of life was ebbing fast. She had given the address of her daughter, and a messenger had been despatched with a message to Mr. Bradbury.

A half-hour elapsed when the ward was entered by Mr. Bradbury, Gertrude, and Eugene Lyon. As they drew near the physician advanced to meet them, and addressing Gertrude, said, "Is this the young lady who has been sent for?"

"Yes, sir," replied Gertrude. "Who is this poor woman?"

"You are then in ignorance of your history. It has been disclosed to me by this sick woman. She is your mother."

"My mother! Oh, no—no!" cried Gertrude, pale and trembling. "What can you mean by this strange tale?"

Mr. Bradbury had gone to the bed and looked upon the sick woman, and it was not difficult to recognise a very decided likeness to Gertrude. Going to Gertrude, he now said, "My dearest Gertrude, you must now hear a revelation which for eighteen years I have had no wish or reason for making known to you. Eighteen years ago, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, you, an infant, were left at my door."

Mr. Bradbury found himself unable to say more from his emotions; while Gertrude clung to him, and sobbed on his breast. The physician now gave the information he had acquired from the sick woman in regard to leaving the city, and the cause for her long absence. During the conversation, Lyon had stood by an interested but silent spectator. He little thought how soon he was to become an important party in the strange drama of the hour.

The physician now went to the bedside of the dying woman, and beckoned for the group to advance. They did so, when Gertrude fell upon her knees, and grasped the cold hands of the sufferer.

"Mother!" she said, in a voice choked with emotion.

At this time Lyon was strangely excited. As soon as he saw the face of the sick woman, he started, and, pressing nearer, said, "There is a great change, but it is certainly her. My God! what a revelation is now to be made!"

The dying woman opened her eyes. Her glance became riveted on two faces before her. They were those of Lyon and Gertrude.

"My prayers are answered," she said, in the husky voice of death. "Husband—daughter!"

"Husband?" repeated one after another of the astonished group. "Yes," said Lyon, bending over the bed; "this poor sufferer is none other than my early deserted and long-supposed deceased wife."

"Husband—wife!" cried Gertrude, starting to her feet, and pressing her hands to her throbbing temples. "Do I dream?"

"No, my daughter," said the mother, putting her attenuated arm about the neck of Lyon; "after eighteen years of dreams, the reality has come at last. I behold my husband and my child."

"Strange, indeed!" said the physician.

"Incomprehensible!" cried Mr. Bradbury; and then, in a lower tone to the physician, "Why, sir, that gentleman and young lady are engaged to be married."

"Can it be possible?" returned the physician, in astonishment.

During these few moments, Gertrude stood transfixed to the spot, gazing from face to face, as if expecting some one to dispel the cloud upon her mind. She almost shrank from herself as she contemplated the strange attitude in which she had stood with the man who was declared to be her father. And she thought of the wonderful revelations of the day, of her changed relations to Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury, of her hopes overthrown; and then she grew dizzy, the objects receded before her, and she would have fallen insensible to the floor, had not the physician caught her.

The death-rattle sounded in the throat of the mother, and Lyon gently placed her head on the pillow.

"The end is at hand!" he murmured, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Thank God that, after all her sorrows, it is to be in the midst of those for whom her love was unquenchable."

A serene smile lit up the countenance of the dying. The ashy hue of human dissolution was to be seen in her face, and the terrible death-rattle became sharper and quicker; but she had no pain, and was passing into death as if to peaceful slumber. At length, all was over.

A month has passed away, when we enter the Fifth-avenue mansion, where other scenes of this tale have been laid. Great changes have taken place. A gloom pervades the house, the halls and rooms are silent, and it is evident that some calamity has occurred. This calamity has been the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury within a few hours of one another, of a malignant disease. They were both unwell, from the shock and excitement attending the disclosures in regard to Gertrude, when attacked by fever, and carried off in a few days. Their entire fortune was left to Gertrude, and she retained the name of Bradbury while unmarried, and she remained the mistress of the mansion. Her father, saddened by recent events, took up his abode with her. They loved each other devotedly, solemnly impressed with the Providence which had revealed their true relationship. We now find them in the same apartment where so many years before the founding into "was brought. Both are clad in the deepest mourning attire. Gertrude looks more beautiful than ever in the contrast between her marvellous-like flesh and the sombre hues of her dress. The eyes of her father have been for some time fixed upon her, as she inclines her head over a book, intently reading. At length he asks, "Are you reading fiction, my daughter?"

"Yes, father."

"And yet, after all, what is stranger than the truth of our own lives?"

"True—most true."

Bending over her, he winds his arms about her, and she places her head on his breast in the fondest affection. Father and daughter were truly happy.

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Each of the above are published by Mr. B. Williams, 11, Paternoster-row, London.

FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR MERTHYR.

THE Gettin Pit, in which the terrible calamity occurred is sunk near the base of a mountain, and it has two shafts. Formerly it had but one, but an impostor being deemed a desirable addendum, this second shaft was sunk about 500 yards higher up on the mountain side. That portion of the pit which is more immediately connected with the upper shaft has since been known by the name of the Upper Gettin Pit, and the old section of the pit has been styled the Lower Gettin Pit. The upper pit is 200 yards in depth. It is a singular circumstance that, only about four years ago, a frightful explosion took place at the Lower Gettin Pit, and it resulted in the death of nearly fifty men and boys. This time the scene was changed, for the explosion on Wednesday morning week occurred at the upper pit. In the face of a catastrophe so recent as that at the lower pit, it is easy to understand that every precaution had been adopted to obviate another such calamity.

Many widows have been left with large families to support. One poor woman has lost her husband and her son of sixteen, and is left with six children, having only been confined a week. There are many other persons who have suffered bereavements sufficient to bow down the strong man, whilst the burden is to be borne by poor weakly women. Doubtless Mr. Crawshaw will not allow the families of the deceased to wait for bread. On the occasion of the former explosion many wives were left widows and many children fatherless, but in Mr. Crawshaw the bereaved had a ready helper, and they are even to the present day the partakers of the bounty of Mr. Crawshaw, from whose agents they obtain a weekly sum of money.

Some curious instances of preservation are recorded. Out of the forty who were working in the heading where the explosion took place, only two escaped unhurt, namely, two brothers named Hall. One of them was at work at the end of the east level, and, on becoming aware of the accident, he ran to his brother, but the air became so oppressive that he became faint. The brothers, however, pursued their way, and by occasionally wetting their faces with some tea one of them had in his possession, they were enabled to preserve their consciousness, and at length found their way to the bottom of the shaft, and were rescued. The Halls state that in their progress they fell across the bodies of several of their fellow-miners, but none of them replied when called to. A boy is reported to have been leading a horse. The horse was killed, and the boy falling behind it, was shielded, and owes his life to the circumstance. It is supposed that the explosion took place about 200 yards from the bottom of the shaft.

Immediately after the explosion, Mr. T. Wales, the Government Inspector of mines for the district, was telegraphed for to Swansea. At two o'clock on the Wednesday he was at the pit, which he descended some eight hours after the explosion. Mr. Wales was also down the pit on Thursday, and there is no doubt that the matter is being thoroughly sifted. On the Thursday there were few people in the neighbourhood of the pit; but the excitement in the upper part of the town of Merthyr was very great. At the Miners' Arms Inn, which is near the pit, several sabbath bands were hung from the windows, in testimony of respect for the deceased. The exertions of Dr. Thomas deserve special mention. When he found that the bodies as they were brought up were nearly all lifeless, he immediately descended, in the hope that he might be able to restore animation without delay, and so save lives that must otherwise be sacrificed. He remained in the pit some three hours.

The inquest on thirty-two of the bodies—the other two deceased men having been buried in the Brecon district—was opened and adjourned at the Rush Hotel, Merthyr, before Mr. Williams, the deputy-coroner, in the absence of Mr. Overton, the coroner.

It was then arranged that the adjournment should be to the 3rd January.

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AMONG PIRATES.

THE following narrative, written by a passenger on board the Henry Darling, gives an account of events which occurred only about fifty miles from Hong Kong:—

"We left Double Island, Swatow, on the morning of the 25th of October, with a light fair wind, and got fairly out to sea by the afternoon. Towards evening it fell calm, and we drifted with a current, now and then getting a breath of wind, till a pilot came on board to take us to our destination (of course, showing us his good characters, &c.) We had noticed a large Macao lorcha evidently dodging us, passing and repassing, as she could easily come up to us at any time, as the light winds and calm continued; evening came and this lorcha came closer. The pilot then said, 'That piecey boat pirate, he makey fighty another piecey last night.' We had, however, taken timely warning, the captain (J. Hanball) having ordered all the arms on board to be ready in case of need. I had a good revolver with me, ready loaded. Eight p.m., the boat came so close that by the dim light of the young moon we could see a stir among them. The two 6-pounders were loaded with round shot on the main deck, and also two 3-pounders on the quarter-deck, the muskets brought up from below, and bayonets fixed, as well as the few cutlasses we had. He began to steal aft of us, and we could distinctly hear them talking on board the lorcha; we were now quite assured of their intentions, and we had made up our minds to fight or die—we knew it would be one or the other. Orders from the captain were given to fire the 6-pounder on the starboard side, as the pilot had been telling him so, too, or soon they would be under the stern, and there being no steering way on the ship the large guns would be useless. At 8.30 bang went the first, and he was not slow in replying; now we were all assured of his intentions; the small guns off the quarter-deck were then fired, and it soon became hot work. His muskets began hot upon us, and I took up the muskets as soon as possible, along with the captain and chief officer. We saw them getting their stink-pots ready from the foremast top. They soon, with the help of cars, came under our stern, and the stink-pots flew by the dozen, and the balls as thick as hail; we then beat a retreat from the quarter-deck, still firing. The men from the lorcha now had jumped on board, and rushing at us madly we made for the fore part of the ship. The Chinese had long previous to this gone off to hide themselves, but the Malays stood till we could stand no longer. The deck of the ship was now one mass of fire. The captain going up to the foremast was shot dead, and fell down at my feet; the chief officer took to the fore-rigging, and in his ascent was shot in three places; I had now no alternative but to go over the bows, and as one came forward to me I shot him with my revolver dead; soon others filled his place, and I got over the bows to get on the martingale. A Chinaman bayoneted me between the shoulders into the lungs, just glancing off the back bone, another shot me in the arm, and I fell into the sea. There were many Malays hanging on to a rope over the bows, and they kept firing their three revolvers at us in turn. Now nothing but sink or swim, life or death. A faint breeze began to ripple the water now, and the vessel began to move, perhaps, about two miles an hour, as all the sails were left hanging. There were now too many for one rope to hang on to, and some must leave and swim at his own risk. A sudden splash, with a yell from the Chinaman on deck. I looked round; another and then another splash; the carpenter had gone to rise no more. I had now begun to feel faint, and as the ship was increasing her speed I came around to the starboard side, but with all my good swimming the vessel was leaving me. By this time I had got abreast the poop, and I heard a voice call out, 'Jack, here is a rope's end for you' (he spoke good English), 'come up, we will not kill you; come up.' 'Oh, no; I had better die here.' I had got around the stern, and a rope hanging over. I seized hold, as I could not have done much more, but my friend's voice again, 'Here is a rope, make it fast around you and we will hand you up; I can assure you nothing shall happen.' I made the end fast, and four men heaved me up, took off my clothes and brought me a pair of flannel trousers (dry) from among my own things, as all my clothes were turned out on the cabin floor. Soon as I could walk he led me down into the saloon, and one of them said, 'Oh, I know you; no fear.' Another, not quite so much pleased at my reception, struck me a heavy blow across the side of my face with the flat of his sword; but the other, patting me on the back, said, 'Don't take offence.' Now I was interrogated about the ship, where from, cargo, money, &c., and led on deck at the pur of my life if I did not reveal all, and where the captain was and others belonging to the vessel, as they had made up their minds to burn her. I went back to the cabin; there was my boy ready for his head to be cut off; and after entreating with this little friend, the vessel was to be spared and the boy, but they would take everything of use away. True to their word they did not leave us scarce sufficient clothes to put on. All the cabins were sacked, rice, biscuit, fowls, beef, ducks, ropes, &c., even our very bedding was carried off, and they left the vessel, and us to starve, about twelve, midnight. I went down to the hold, and found some of the men, got them up, and in half an hour, to my surprise and delight, down came the chief officer. They had been taking the ship to seaward, and left no chronometer, barometer, no compass, no lamps—now a gale. I, weak and faint from four wounds, he ditto. We struggled all night, next day, all night again—morning came land; but where are we? At last we came across a fishing boat, which we got with some difficulty to pilot us for 100 dollars into Hong Kong, where we arrived, after living on scarcely anything, on Saturday night, the 28th of October, from the most perilous voyage I ever made, and hope never to make another such."—China Overland Mail.

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THE CONVICT FORWARD.—Since the prisoner, who is now under sentence of death for the murder of his wife and child, was first committed for trial he has been supplied with no less than twelve quires of foolscap paper, the whole of which he filled with close writing. Before he parted with Mr. Hill, the governor of Sandwich gaol, he requested him to accept of his full-length photograph, on the back of which was written the following:—"Memoirs of Mercy was my guide. Help for the fallen, the poor unfortunate outcasts of England, was the latest wish of my life. My death and the deaths of those I love, are a protest against man's inhumanity to his fellow-men.—E. W. Southey, nee Stephen Forward." According to the usual practice in the county of Kent, the execution will take place, at Maidstone, on the third market day after the trial, which will fall upon the 11th of January.

Varieties.

When a man dreams of fishing, it is a sign that some scaly fellow is nibbling away his good character.

A man down South advertises a few choice rattlesnakes for sale, and appends a hint to such as do not wish to purchase that they must not handle the goods.

EARLY MENTION OF SEGARS.—In that very curious book called "A faithful Account of the Distresses and Adventures of John Cockburn, Mariner, and Five other Englishmen, who were taken prisoners by a Spanish Frigate," &c., London, 1730, the following passage occurs:—"On the third day of our abode here arrived three friars, who were just come from over the mountains of Nicaragua. . . . These gentlemen gave us some segars to smoke, which they supposed would be acceptable. These are leaves of tobacco rolled up in such a manner that they serve both for a pipe and tobacco itself. These the ladies, as well as gentlemen, are very fond of smoking; but, indeed, they know no other way here, for there is no such thing as a tobacco-pipe throughout New Spain, but poor awkward tools used by the negroes and Indians." From this account it would appear segars were unknown to English sailors sailing in the Spanish main a hundred and thirty-five years ago. Is there any earlier mention than the above? It is generally said their use came into England after the Peninsular war. I have, however, been told by old officers that the usual method of smoking there at any time was by the papilla, or in wrapping tobacco up tight in a piece of paper, much as is done at present.—*Notes and Queries.*

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